

The COLLEGE '03
ANNUAL



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MARYLAND COLLECTION
DENTISTRY



BALTIMORE COLLEGE
—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.

Baltimore College of Dental Surgery



The College Annual



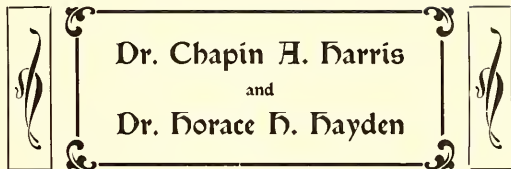
Edited by Class of '04

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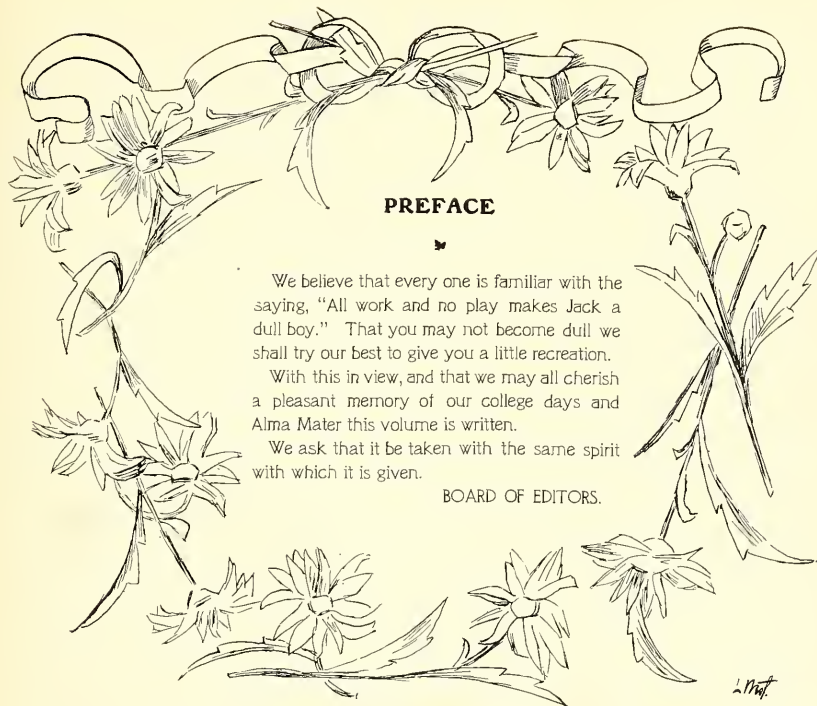


Dedicated

to the memory of



**The founders
of our College**



PREFACE

We believe that every one is familiar with the saying, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." That you may not become dull we shall try our best to give you a little recreation.

With this in view, and that we may all cherish a pleasant memory of our college days and Alma Mater this volume is written.

We ask that it be taken with the same spirit with which it is given.

BOARD OF EDITORS.



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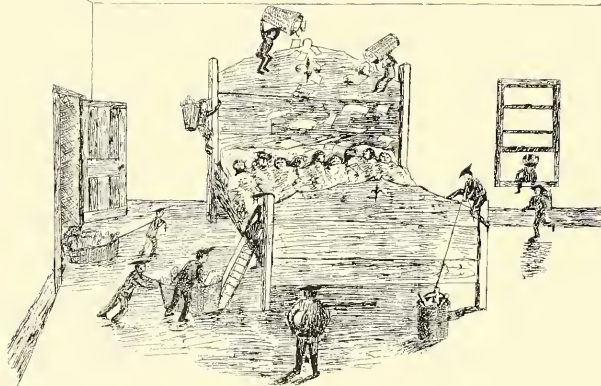
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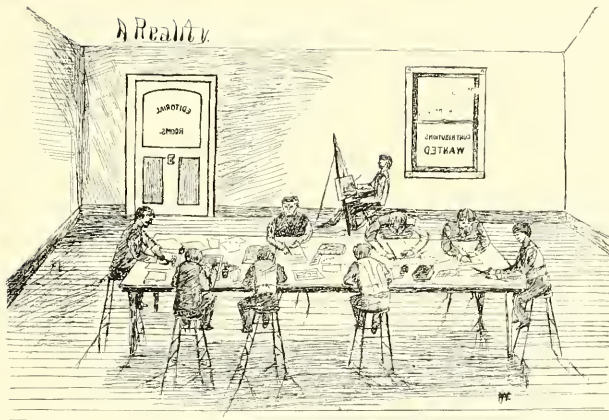


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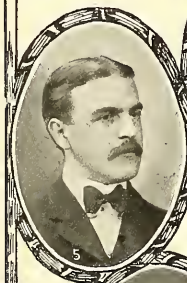


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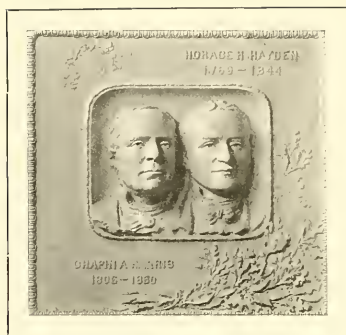
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History of Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

IT will probably be news to most persons to know that Baltimore has the distinction of having instituted the first dental college in the world, and of having originated the degree of D.D.S., Doctor of Dental Surgery, now used by most of the dental colleges of United States and Canada and in some parts of Europe. Yes, such is the case. For many years the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery was the only institution of its kind in existence.

It was chartered in 1839 by the Act of the Legislature of the State of Maryland, the following gentlemen

constituting the Faculty: H. H. Hayden, M.D., Professor of Physiology and Pathology; R. W. Baxley, M.D., Professor of Anatomy; C. A. Harris, M.D., Professor of Theory and Practice of Dentistry; and Thomas E. Bond, M.D., Professor of Therapeutics.

Perhaps at this place it would not be amiss to insert a short sketch of the lives of two of the gentlemen whose names are mentioned above, and who were really the founders of our College. For the following sketches we are indebted to Charles McManus, D.D.S., of Hartford, Conn.

CHAPIN A. HARRIS

was born in 1806, in Pompey, New York. He commenced his medical studies early in life and began practice in Ohio. His attention was called to Dentistry by his brother, John Harris. Until after 1827, however, he gave but little attention to dental practice except to extract and clean teeth and insert a few fillings; when, after studying Hunter, Fox, and Delabarre, he entered upon the exclusive practice of dental surgery. From 1827 to 1833 he traveled South and West, elevating the profession of dentistry and establishing his reputation.

In 1833 he opened an office in Baltimore and wrote largely on dental subjects.

In 1839 he published his first edition of his "Principles and Practice of Dental Surgery."

With the end in view of preserving the experience of the profession, he visited New York and with some of the leading dentists of that city established a periodical devoted especially to the interests of the profession. Drs. Harris and Eleazer Parmly were joint editors of this periodical and, in accordance with the arrangement, the first volume was issued from New York, June, 1839, under the title of *The American Journal*

of Dental Science. During the first year of its publication it was issued with some irregularity at the price of \$3 per annum. It was printed in Baltimore. His next task was the creating of faculties for educating men for the duties of the dental profession; accordingly in the winter of 1839-40, he obtained signatures to a petition to be laid before the Legislature of Maryland for the incorporation of a College of Dental Surgery, at Baltimore. After much opposition the charter was granted and Dr. Harris continued through life to exercise the duties of one of its most important professorships. In 1840 Dr. H. H. Hayden went to New York and Boston with the design of forming a Dental Society. Dr. Harris, among others, immediately responded to the call and the speedy result was the organization of the American Society of Dental Surgeons.

In 1840 he published a "Monograph of the Physical Characteristics of the Teeth;" in 1841 a "Dissertation on the Diseases of the Maxillary Sinus." He also revised his "Principles and Practice" through several editions, and completed his "Dictionary of Dental Science," "Biography," "Bibliography" and "Medical Dermatology." He also translated from the French the works of Delabarre.

Through his labors for the profession and his unbounded generosity, although his practice was large, he died poor in the city of Baltimore on the 29th of September, 1860.

HORACE H. HAYDEN

was born at Windsor, Conn., October 13, 1768. He was remarkable from his childhood, and it is said that he learned to read almost as soon as he did to talk, and at once contracted that love for books which was so marked all through his life. While a boy he also manifested a great fondness for natural history which clung to him in after life. At ten years of age he began the study of classics, but, probably for the want of means, soon abandoned it and at the age of fourteen, in the humble capacity of cabin boy of a fine brig, he made two voyages to the West Indies.

At the age of sixteen he became apprenticed to an architect until he became of age. He then pursued his business in the West Indies, Connecticut and New York. While in the latter State he had occasion to call on Dr. John Greenwood (dentist) for his services, when the thought struck him that he would like to follow that profession. Obtaining such information as he could from Dr. Greenwood's instructions and from

his books, he went in 1804 to Baltimore, Md., to practice the profession and labored to elevate the calling.

To this end he commenced the study of medicine, and in later life the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine was conferred upon him both by the University of Maryland and the Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. In 1814 he was appointed acting surgeon in the Thirty-ninth Regiment of Maryland Militia.

About the year 1825 he was invited to read a course of lectures on dentistry before the medical class of the University of Maryland. He also contributed several able papers to medical journals on his physiological researches.

Having ever in mind the elevation of the dental profession, he, Dr. C. A. Harris and others sent a petition to the Legislature, in December, 1839, to establish a Dental College, the faculty to consist partly of dental and partly of medical practitioners. The Legislature having granted a liberal charter, Dr. Hayden, at the advanced age of seventy, entered upon the duties of the Chair assigned him in that institution, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. In 1840, in New York, was held a meeting of the best dentists then in

the profession, the outcome of which was the formation of the American Society of Dental Surgeons. This outcome was chiefly due to the labors of Dr. Hayden, and he was unanimously chosen President of the society and re-elected each year until his death.

Until the illness which terminated his life Dr. Hayden continued to exercise the duties of his profession and to lecture to his class. He died on the 26th of January, 1844, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

We have already stated that the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery is the oldest institution of its kind in existence, and for this reason we might say that Baltimore is really the cradle of dentistry and of the dental profession.

A remarkable feature of dentistry, a feature common to no other profession, is that, although it is one of the most prominent professions to-day, its evolution is embraced within the span of one human life.

The practical inauguration of the new college presented a difficulty well known in America, when professors often outnumbered students. At length five legitimate students of dentistry were found to covet the honor of the new title D.D.S., and the first course of instruction was given in the winter of 1840-41. The didactic lectures were delivered in a small room, pub-

licly situated, but the teachings of practical anatomy demanded privacy, and other prudential considerations also suggested the use for that purpose of a secluded stable loft, the prejudice of the community against dissection having shown itself some years before.

Dr. Bond, in his valedictory to the graduates, at its first commencement exercises, March, 1841, says: "You have been taught that dental surgery is not a new art separate from, and independent of, general medicine; but that it is an important branch of the science of healing. You have seen and traced out the exquisitely beautiful machinery by which the human organism is everywhere knit together; you have carefully examined the phenomena of health and disease, as they are manifested in the dental arch, its connections and relations, and you have been taught to regard the human body as a whole, united in all its parts, and pervaded everywhere by strong and active sympathies; and your principles of practice have been carefully formed on a sound knowledge of general medicine and it is therefore that you must be thoroughly educated in the fundamental branches of medicine as the medical man himself."

The college was organized with the design of teach-

ing dentistry as a regular branch of medicine, and in order to denote the phenomenal progress of the old Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, start at the time of its birth; when there were about 1200 practitioners of dentistry in America, more than one-half of whom were ignorant, incapable men, whose knowledge was composed of a few secrets which they had purchased at fabulous prices from other charlatans, and who considered three or four weeks ample time in which to attain all the knowledge necessary to the successful pursuit of the calling, and contrast the requirements of that time with those of the present day.

This is the sixty-third year of the career of the College with its prospects for usefulness brighter than ever. It has added to its Faculty and clinical corps strong and active men, and is better equipped to carry out the purpose of its inception than at any period of its existence.

The results of its work in sixty-three years are world-wide in their influence upon dentistry.

Over twenty-two hundred graduates have gone from this College into practice, and these are scattered all

over the civilized world. They are located in nearly every city of Europe. They lead the profession in all the great centres of civilization and have won eminence in England, France, Russia, Switzerland, Spain and Italy. They have carried the honors of the institution into Asia, Australia, and the land of the pyramids, while in every State of our Republic, and in all parts of Canada they have demonstrated their own worth and the excellent training afforded them by their *Alma Mater*. They have met with signal honor abroad, nearly every court dentist in Europe being a graduate of this institution.

Such in brief is the history of our dear old College, our beloved *Alma Mater*, where we are now seeking a training which will not only bring distinction to, and benefit us personally, but which shall instil nobler ideas into our minds, and so broaden our characters, that we may become better citizens, and better able to fill our allotted place in life, whatever it may be. And may we ever prove an honor to the calling in which we are about to engage, and to our best friend, the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

Introduction.



EVERYONE derives pleasure from the knowledge that his efforts in behalf of a worthy object are appreciated. And what higher encomium can be bestowed upon one than that of having the results of his labors handsomely recorded for the pleasure and benefit of his friends. Then assuredly I, little, microscopically little I, glorifying in the most scientifically correct name of "*Spirillum Iocorum Academiae Chirurgiae Dentium Baltimorensis*," with the suffixed letters "N. P.," meaning Non Pathogenicum, have every reason to rejoice.

I am that little undiscovered mysterious bacterium that has lived and toiled within the walls of the dear old College from the day of its establishment, striving ever to lighten the monotonous routine of work of its sons and daughters and who, during the vacation period and at other times, has followed these favored mortals to the uttermost parts of the globe, casting, at frequent intervals, a ray of sunshine across their paths of duty, strewn with the rocks of worry and discouragement. As a dutiful child I have ever essayed to abide by the instructions given me by my mother, who, at the moment of my birth, for I was indeed a precocious infant, sent me out upon my life's work.

"My child," quoth she, "a new profession, that of dentistry, has been inaugurated, a worthy son of its mother, Medicine, for whom I have labored long and faithfully. As my time is so completely occupied with the ever-increasing cares of my position, take thou charge of this weakling, and see to it that thou and thy progeny nurture it, encourage it, and when it has reached its majority, keep it ever young, strong and buoyant." Is it egotism that prompts me to declare that my efforts in behalf of dental education has resulted in placing it upon the elevated position which it at present occupies?

No, no, rather believe that it is the spirit of self-assertion, which has remained dormant, patiently awaiting the proclamation of Truth, but which has become so restive as to have found it necessary to give utterance to its imprisoned feelings. Ye learned men of science, ye wise-acres with all your ologies and isms, your philosophies and theories, how much longer would I have had to linger in seclusion before your supposed omniscient powers would have dragged me forth as the real and only true imitative of healthful jollity? Do not offer any explanations, I pray you, for they are as

vague and confounding, as unintelligible and untenable as your theories.

I have revealed *myself*. It is I or better I am *It*.

"What is my *modus operandi*?" did you ask. Ha, ha, I am aware of the fact that you can interrogate. So can I. What else are you capable of doing? That question requires deep thought and a thorough and reverential communion with your conscience to answer truthfully.

Ah well, I have had my revenge and have regained my natural disposition of good-fellowship and helpfulness.

My methods are various. I have no old, moth-eaten, stereotyped method of procedure. Human nature in all its moods and phases constitutes my study, and in order that the best results from my work may be obtained, I must be, as you would say, the personification of versatility.

I act upon all the functions, either separately or collectively.

At times I enter the stomach with the food, whether solid or liquid, generally the latter, and not aqueous, and from that organ as an operative station, so stimulate the cerebral cells as to call forth a flow of wit that is a better digestant than pepsin or trypsin. I am the originator of dental banquets. Again, the organs of special sense are frequently utilized by me in the performance of my duties.

I may enter the system through the intricate mechanism of the ear with the melodious strains of our glee

and mandolin clubs or through the nasal mucous membrane, safely secreted in the highly-scented folds of sulphuretted hydrogen. Or, perchance, an occasion may present itself of gaining an entrance epidermatically as in the vigorous, friendly clasp of hands. But at times, happily infrequently, I find subjects with functions so disordered and senses so distorted and obtunded that to operate upon which and be jolly, is indeed a feat worthy of Mark Tapleyan steel. In such cases I am constrained to bore through the occiput and exert a stimulant action directly upon the nerve centres; and sad to relate, even then, at times, suffer defeat. The organism of these unfortunate beings is so saturated with bacteria antagonistic to me that I enter at the risk of my life. I am afraid that you cannot intelligently comprehend a recital of the magnificent operations of Nature, which my characteristic action upon the nervous system incites; and which results in physical and mental good to all who are in range of the power of its influence.

To understand, to have a clear mental vision of the beautiful workings of Nature is a pleasure yet in store for you.

And now, kind friends, accept me for what I am, a help-mate, yea, a necessary adjunct of life.

For, what is life without me?

Accord me encouragement; aid me in furthering my good work and receive me in the manner I justly deserve, welcoming me with a warm embrace.

Warmth is to me vitally essential. A high temperature, so destructive to other micro-organisms is what I revel in. Whilst the most powerful disinfectants do not affect me, yet, frigidity in any form, either in the icy stare or the cold clammy hand is to me a death-dealing agent.

Receive this booklet in the jolly spirit in which it was written; may its perusal in after years bring to your minds many mirthful incidents of college days, and may these reminiscences act as a beam of the

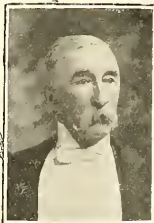
health-giving glorious sunlight upon your life is the earnest wish of your true friend, the Bacterium of Mirth of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. And it may be well to remind you, ever-dissatisfied, hypercritical friend, whoever you may be that

"Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend."

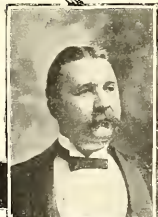
Edward Hoffmeister



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1903



~~Faculties~~
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 B. HOLLY SMITH, M.D., D.D.S., *Professor of Dental Surgery and Operative Dentistry.*
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 J. W. CHAMBERS, M.D., *Professor of Anatomy.*
 WM. F. LOCKWOOD, M.D., *Professor of Materia Medica.*

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 EDW. HOFFMEISTER, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S., *Materia Medica.*
 J. N. FARRAR, M.D., D.D.S., *Irregularities.*
 DR. GEORGE EVANS, *Crown and Bridge Work.*
 KASSON C. GIBSON, New York, N. Y., *Oral Deformities and Fractured Maxillaries.*
 JOHN WALTERHOUSE LORD, A.B., LL.B., *Counsel and Lecturer on Dental Jurisprudence.*

Chief Clinical Instructors.

- T. S. WATERS, D.D.S., *Cohesive Gold.* C. M. GINGRICH, D.D.S., *Non-cohesive Gold.*
 R. BAYLY WINDER, Ph.D., D.D.S., *Curator.*

Demonstrators.

- WM. G. FOSTER, D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Operative Dentistry.*
 GEO. E. HARDY, M.D., D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Mechanical Dentistry.*
 EDW. HOFFMEISTER, A.B., Ph.G., D.D.S., *Demonstrator of Chemistry.*

Assistant Demonstrators.

- | | | |
|----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| W. W. DUNBRACCO, D.D.S. | J. K. BURGESS, D.D.S. | J. C. SUTHERLAND, D.D.S. |
| GEO. V. MILHOLLAND, D.D.S. | HARRY E. KELSEY, D.D.S. | L. D. CORIELL, D.D.S. |
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SENIOR CLASS.

Senior Class, 1903.

Motto—PERGITE !

Colors—ROYAL BLUE AND MAROON.

Flower—WHITE CARNATION.

Yell.

Sis, boom, Bah,
Sis, boom, Bah,
'03, '03,
Rah! Rah! Rah!
B.C.D.S.
Rah!!!



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WILLIAM ARBA MABIE, Chairman.

Guy Robert Love,

Thomas Robertson,

Nathan L. Soule,

Fred Smallwood Smith.

History of Class of 1903.



EVERYTHING temporal has a beginning and likewise a history.

The first of October, back in the apparent dark ages of 1900, when the air was heavy with the fragrant odor of autumn leaves that had already turned from their infant green to a golden hue and the low stern threatening winds with their semi-softness were singing their last lullaby to the purple violets that had long since bowed their heads in silent prayer, found us in a new land full of pride and ambition, building great castles in the air that reached heavenward and dipped their tops in the blue of eternity, with firm resolutions sweeping through our minds like swift-winged night birds. Under such conditions we, a most powerful and all-wise assemblage of dentists so conceived, are gathered about the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery.

Previous to our first lecture as we are clustered together with minds thirsty for knowledge, we see in the midst of our illustrious band faces familiar to nearly all parts of the habitable globe. At times we are overwhelmed with joy, at other instances beset with a vague fear of the ordeals that are silently awaiting us. Then comes an inward and sinking doubt as to our ability to travel along with the cunning and clev-

erness of him whom we regard as an intellectual giant that is likely to come forth with the power of a Webster or the genius of an Edison. We mount the old stairs that lead to fame in the footsteps of thousands that have gone before us. We march silently onward until we are seated in the rear of the hall. Then amid cheers and shouts our noble, stately white-haired professor enters wearing a dignity of carriage and a smile as bland as though the years had all been playthings.

We gaze about us. The conception of our surroundings is very gratifying and we look forward with rapturous pleasure. The thought of mingling henceforth with so jolly and congenial a class of fellows is indeed a source of great pleasure. And in looking backward over the career of the class the Historian is impressed with the fact that the past events during our course here at College have been pleasant and interesting to place in the pages of memory. May they so live that in years to come we may look back with a delightful thought that our time was spent profitably, not altogether by the knowledge gained but in making many friends that will remain stable through life.

In speaking more definitely of the general phenomena which characterize the student in the early part of his Freshman year it is indeed very humiliating.

Alas for the illustrious looking man. He does not see himself but from his own point of view. He feels the great importance of his opportunities as they unfold smilingly upon the possibilities of his life even as the morning-glory opens when warmed by the soft morning sun. As time advances his outlook is widened, as though of a sudden he had been uplifted to stand on a higher plane. Now that the new prospect no longer awes him he has clearer conceptions of the future and is learning to compare values and stand by his conclusions so that his life as an industrial student has fairly begun. He now succumbs to the inevitable, for after he has attended a few lectures and heard discussed such theories as Darwin's missing link, how the ancestor of man is supposed to have once roamed upon the earth in the form of a wild and ferocious animal, or in the being of some biped or quadruped that predominated intellectually above his fellow creatures, whereby his power of mind attained such habits that he no longer could sustain life in the dismal jungle, he battled his way out, making his abode elsewhere that he might develop by the power of evolution unto a higher and nobler animal, the human form divine. After he has heard a few such startling discourses as these, he feels that he truly has entered upon a new field of education.

He has also been instructed in the mechanism of digestion, how his boarding-house hash by the act of prehension, mastication, insalivation, deglutition and abnormal digestion was by the prolonged action of the

digestive ferments assimilated and carried to the various parts of the body to nourish its delicate organs and give them strength and nerve force to be spent only in such achievements as will compel him to toil unrelentingly and burn the midnight oil. He has listened to the important and latest results of scientific progress as compared with the past and has heard how the ancient alchemists spent their lives in search of the philosopher's stone that was supposed to have the power to transform an ocean of mercury into gold; of how the old time physician instead of trying to solve the hidden mysteries of disease that had been dormant for ages, expended his energies in trying to discover the Elixir of Life, a renowned remedy which when found was supposed to convert the aged with gray hair and bowed head into a bright and sparkling youth. And again he hears poured forth in rhythmical eloquence theories and rumors of theories until he is a product of imagination, also the modification in surgical methods the greatly improved results which are the outgrowth of modern scientific study, and how the average student in order to be able to take advantage of these high and elevated accomplishments must ponder over his studies at least nineteen hours daily *ad libitum*. He has been instructed in immunity, classification and temperament of teeth, the exciting and predisposing causes of caries, the precaution the love-making student should undergo when he is about to make his midnight departure and indulges in the simplicity of bliss, for it is then that the razor-backs from

his Fairy Queen have a reunion with the willing workers from the approaching yawning chasm and make their habitation in the crevices and faulty formation of the organs of mastication, thereby increasing in population to such an extent that the Historian hesitates to relate the quantity lest the readers of this article should think him digressing from the path of truthfulness.

After attaching a deep and literal significance to all matters pertaining to his advancement he wonders how one finite mind could hope to grasp all the knowledge suggested by such great and appalling names. He can now plainly see that what he does not know would contribute enormously to the literary world and that which he now hopes to know would fill two public libraries.

After many months of diligent and studious work, laboring faithfully that we might reap our just rewards, delighted April comes to relieve the monotony that had shrouded itself about us. One evening as the sun sank to rest in a flood of golden splendor found us once more free from study and care. We returned homeward with hearts full of joy and heads laden with knowledge to breathe again the sweet pure air of freedom.

As a Junior there is a marked difference in the student's earnestness and appearance from the year previous. As time advances he lays aside his early piety and forgets his solemn obligations. He has discovered the relative merits in the choice brand of the long

Havana filler, has at least a suspicion if not knowing the stern reality of the joys and pleasures of the flowing bowl. He has also learned that there is nothing under the bright blue sky more fascinating and amusing than to sit in the peanut gallery with mouth wide open and gaze down upon the beautiful fairies as they appear before him with the neatness and smoothness of a harvest butterfly until his mind is carried away in a train of thought and he imagines he is floating in a zephyrous and balmy atmosphere where every impulse is like a celestial respiration from the air of Paradise. In this state of mild lunacy he now muses. Suddenly he is awakened to the folly of his procedure and thoughtfully looks toward the far-off end which has already begun. Tossed as he may be by the toils of the past and bewildered with the vexations of the present he consoles himself with the thought that he has yet time to build up the future, and he fancies it may be that he will build it boldly, saddened though it may be by the chance sorrows which he may encounter, but he looks forward with rapturous pleasure to the time when his Junior days will end gloriously crowned with crimson and gold.

As age and experience mellow life into ripeness so the worthy Seniors of 1903, with their zeal and energy stand ready once more to enter into the intellectual ring and battle for supremacy. The start and change and fickle ambition of former days seem to have gone by. A calm and joyful quietude has succeeded. The future, which still lies before us, steep and rugged as

the pathway may be, seems like a roseate twilight sinking into a quiet and peaceful night. Though the trials and exciting moments which the Senior undergoes during the brief time to remain can only be realized by him who has gone on before, yet we can always find a certain pleasure in our surroundings which sweeps away perplexities in a flood. It is through these joys and sorrows, our success and failures, that we have gained our knowledge which fits and enables us to be prepared to put on hard armor and battle against the cold world that confronts us. For in this day of intelligence and haste the din of Niagara is but whispering lulls compared to the excitement and clamor of competition. Time alone will draw the drapery that shrouds the future and reveal what we have accomplished in our studies. If we are weighed in the balance and found wanting then "let the dead past bury its dead," for in no school could we have received more earnest and intelligent attention than in our grand old institution, the B. C. D. S.

Time is now drawing to a close the career of our college life. It is with deep regret that we must de-

part from our colleagues with whom we have associated the past three years. The remembrances of social pleasures, and of the harmony in which we have worked in the infirmary and laboratories of our College, toiling slowly but surely over the plane of our course, weaving every day the passing life into the coming life so closely that we are unconscious of the joining, will remain with us always.

As we are about to depart and turn our faces homeward we bid an affectionate farewell to each other. To our professors and demonstrators we extend our gratitude for the diligent and untiring effort in our behalf, teaching us life lessons, lessons of duty, business and pleasure. May each and every one of us apply those lessons practically to our chosen profession. As age creeps over us and gray hairs crown our heads may we bathe in the fountain of youth and live again, in memory, the many cheerful days spent at the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery. And may our mission here upon this earth be such that when we depart from this life it may be said of us in the words of the poet:

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

THE HISTORIAN.



GEORGE CARR.....Pennsylvania.

Vice-President, '00-'01. Mandolin and
Guitar Club, '00-'01, '01-'02, '02-'03. Ex.
Com., '01-'02.

"Let me have music dying,
and I seek no more delight."



EDWARD DEICHMANN, JR...Maryland.

Editorial Staff, '00-'01.

"One fat, round, oily man of God."

WILLIAM ARBA MABIE.....New York

Historian, '00-'01. Editorial Staff, '00-'01,
'01-'02. President, '01-'02. Ex. Com.,
'02-'03.

"I am not covetous of gold,
But if it be a sin to covet knowledge
I am the most offending soul alive."



BERT FRANK ALLEN.....Vermont.

Editorial Staff, '00-'01. Historian, '01-
'02. Editor-in-Chief of Annual, '01-'02.
President, '02-'03.

"What is ambition, but desire of greatness,
And what is greatness, but extent of
power."



THOMAS DUNLAP MORRISON,
Nova Scotia.

"Drinking water neither makes a man sick
nor in debt, nor his wife a widow."

MAURICE REICHARD GEIDNER,
Pennsylvania.

Base Ball Team, '01-'02.

"O this poor brain! ten thousand shapes
of fury are whirling there, and reason
is no more."



JOHN TIMOTHY KENNEDY.....Mass.

"He turned up more than
he can turn over."



CHARLES DANIEL CLOUGH....Mass.

"Did he ever tie a knot in a cord of wood,"



HERBERT STONER.. ..New York.

"An idler is as a watch that wants both
hands,
As useless if it go as when it stands."

FORGEN ANDERSON TREYKA

BLOCK Denmark.

"The cat in mittens catches no mice."



MARY PARKER BOSLEY.....Maryland

Editorial Staff, '00-'01.

"Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation."



SAMUEL T. BAILEY.....West Virginia.

"Give me to drink Mandragora,
That I may sleep away this gap of time."

EMILE JOSEPH ARCAND.....Mass.

"If sandwiches are not plenty where he came from, it is not for lack of tongue."



MARTUN MARCUS SHEA.....Mass.

Mandolin and Guitar Club, '01-'02,
'02-'03.

"Joy, and temperance, and repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose."



ISAAC HILLIARD DAVIS N. C.

"As you are old and reverend,
should be wisc."

WILLIAM JOSEPH JACKSON....Mass.

Base Ball Team, '01-'02.

"If I had revenged every wrong,
I would not have worn my shirt so long."



THOMAS ROBERTSON,
Prince Edward Island.

Ex. Com., '01-'02, '02-'03.

"Oh, how doth marriage tame a man!"



FREDERIC SMALLWOOD SMITH,
Canada.

Ex. Com., '00-'01, '01-'02, '02-'03.

"He that will meddle with all things,
May go and shoe the gosling."



LOUIS CHARLES HESS..New York.

Editorial Staff, '01-'02.

"The world makes way for a determined man."



HARRY NAYLOR.....Texas

"He found himself, as the Bohemians say, flat on his back."

HARRY PRESCOTT EMEIS..Utah.

Ex. Com., '01-'02. Vice-President, '02-'03.

"I hear, and see, and say nothing."



WILLIAM ALEXANDER TRETUEY

WAY Nova Scotia

"A heart unspotted is not easily daunted."



JAMES HENRY KELLEY..New York.

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort, as if he mock'd himself and scorned his spirit."

JOHN PLETCHER..Pennsylvania.

President of Y. M. C. A., '02-'01. Treasurer Y. M. C. A., '01-'02. Editorial Staff, '01-'02.

"Her lips are roses overwashed with dew."





JOHN HARRY JESSOP...Pennsylvania.

Mandolin and Guitar Club, '01-'02,
'02-'03.

"She is my own."



CECIL BRADFORD GREEN....Canada.

"My endeavors have ever come
short of my desires."

EDWARD SAMUEL BLYTHE...Penna.

"If Satan went into his body he would
come out a greater rascal than he went in."



JAMES LEONARD METCALF...Texas.

Treasurer, '02-'03.

"But I love night the most because she
brings
My love to me in dreams."



ISAAC LEON MANSBACH...Maryland.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave
When first we practice to deceive!"

CLARENCE EVERETT FOSTER...Mo

President of Y. M. C. A., '01-'02.

"What is there in the vale of life
Half so delightful as a wife."



AMOS FRENCH CUPP ...Pennsylvania.

Artist, '01-'02. Prophet, '02-'03.

"And yet believe me, good as well as ill."



MARSHALL PARKER SHOBE,

Oklahoma Territory.

"How beautifully he is made;
We all do overlook his follies."



ALAN BALDWIN CECIL... Maryland.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '01-'02.

"A frizzled head of rust colored hair,
A jovial face and nonchalant air."

WORTH OSCAR SMITH..Pennsylvania.

"Sleep makes every man as great,
and as rich as the greatest."



GODFREY PHILIP PAYZANT,

Nova Scotia.

"Content dwells with him,
for his mind is fed."



HOWARD LANE AVERILL....Vermont

Secretary of Y. M. C. A., '01-'02.

"It is by the benefit of letters that absent
friends are in a manner brought together."

GUY ROBERT LOVE....Ohio.

Vice-President, '01-'02. Ex. Com., '02-'03.

"Love keeps the cold out
better than a cloak."



JAMES FRANCIS CLARK....R. I.

Base Ball Team, '01-'02. Poet, '02-'03.

"I meddle with no man's business
but my own." (?)



EDWIN WALTRIP GREEN, Mississippi.

Sergeant-at-Arms, '02-'03.

"Where is a man who has the power and
skill,
To stem the torrent of a woman's will?"

CHARLES EDWARD DUNN...Jamaica.

Artist, '02-'03.

"I know the nature of woman."



CLEMENT CHARLES CONDON...Ore.

Ex. Com., '00-'01.

"His faithful dog shall bear him company."



ERNEST CHARLES VITOU Mass.

Ex. Com., '00-'01. Editorial Staff, '00-'01.

"A willing helper does not wait
until he is asked."



WILLARD ANDREW RIBBLE...Penna.

"If thy hair and brains should change places, baldheaded thou wouldst be."

CHARLES LORNE THOMPSON,
Canada.

Base Ball Team, '01-'02. Editorial Staff.
'01-'02. Valedictorian, '02-'03.

"Great ships require deep waters."



JAY LEROY RICE....New York.

Historian, '02-'03.

"And every married man is certain
I attended the lecture called the curtain."



GILBERT ELWOOD ARMACOST..Md.

"If it were not for hope,
the heart would break."



FREDERICK ELLSWORTH HATCH,
Vermont.

President, '00-'01.

"If a head is well balanced it does
not take a high collar to support it."

HARRY EZRA BUCKNER....Maryland.

"For what is worth in anything,
But so much money as 'twill bring."



JOSEPH HOWE ELLIOTT, Nova Scotia.

"Tell not what you know, judge not
what you see and you will live in quiet."



NATHAN SOULE, ...Vermont.

Ex. Com., '01-'02, '02-'03.

"As silent as the pictures on the wall."



WILLIAM BENJAMIN FLYNN...Mass.

Treasurer, '01-'02.

"Minds that have nothing to confer
Find little to perceive."

WILLIAM O'NEILL....Vermont

"Love is like the measles all the worse
when it comes late in life."



THOMAS BERNARD BRADY.....Mass.

Editorial Staff, '01-'02.

"I have ease, and I have health."



EDWARD JAMES EVANS.....N. C.

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."



HARVEY MILTON GIBSON.. N. C.

Ex Com., '00-'01.

"What is the end of fame? 'Tis but to fill
A certain portion of uncertain paper."

JOHN BURTON CROCKER.....Canada.

"A youth demure, tall and slim,
A voice that's weak and a skinny limb,"



GILBERT HAVEN ALFORD, Maryland.

Secretary, '02-'03.

"There is something better than making a
living—making a life."

JAMES MADISON PORTER..Maryland.

Artist, '00-'01. Editorial Staff, '01-'02.

"I could a tale unfold whose lightest
word would harrow up thy soul."



ANTONIO ESTACIS DA SILVERIA,
Portugal.

"He drove his pig to a bad market."

WILLIAM HENRY DONOVAN, Maine.

"He looks as if he had been rubbed down
with sandpaper."



JAMES STAPLES BLANCHARD,
Vermont.

"He would not go off with a
very large report."



GERMANICO SARSTRANO BELAVAL
Porto Rico.

"He must have a long spoon
to eat with the devil."

FRANCIS ALONSIUS GIBBONS,
Massachusetts.

"Rest is the sweet sauce of labor."



CLINTON ROE SMITH.....New York.

"The accident of an accident."

Senior Class Poem.



O! *Alma Mater*, ever dear.

O! blissful college days,

The time of parting draweth near,

We lift our words of praise.

Our eyes are wet with many a tear.

Our hearts within us swell.

While fondly still we linger here

To say our last farewell.

O! World, thou wert a prospect drear

When first we gazed on thee!

O! Fortune, we were full of fear

At thine uncertainty.

O! Man, we loathed thy cruelty.

Thy falseness, sin and strife;

All tremblingly we dreaded thee,

We shrank from thee, O Life!

But *Alma Mater*, ever dear,

Thy truth has made us free;

Thy light hath banished future fear;

World slaves we will not be!

Thy friendships give us blessed cheer

Show man's humanity:

Life never can be wholly drear

With thy sweet memory.

O. *Alma Mater*! kindly friend,

Thou bright, pure guiding star,

Who didst our weakest days defend

To make us what we are.

O! still thy blessing on us send,

Free us from sin and shame,

That we may bring not, at the end,

Reproach upon thy name.

J. F. CLARK, '03.

Class Prophecy.



IN olden times the word "prophet" brought to the mind of man of superior intellectual attainments, or one possessing a peculiar gift not common to mortals. To-day the same word suggests a dark-eyed gypsy girl seated within the recesses of her tent, diligently engaged in examining the horny palm of some luckless swain, who had chanced to pass that way, and on seeing the sign: "Fortune told for 50 cts.," decided to have a look into his future.

But as the writer of this prophecy has neither the peculiar gift above referred to, nor the warm blood of the gypsy tingling through his veins, the reader must realize the difficulties of the task placed upon him, viz: to predict the future of his class-mates.

Our philosopher Emerson once said: "If a man do a piece of work incomparably better than his fellows, the world will make a pathway to his door though he live in a forest." Perfection in manipulation is the foundation of our profession, perfection in art is the summit of our attainments. The school can only prompt the way; whether we stand or fall will be determined by our own energy and perseverance. But having glanced back upon the various successes of my class-mates, and having recalled with pleasure, with what ease the most threatening obstacles were sur-

mounted, it would be impossible to foretell anything but a bright and glorious future.

Surely after a student has successfully overcome all the trials attendant upon a three-years' course in our College, has learned the all-availing power of "tepid water," has proven the effectiveness of bichloride of mercury as an antiseptic, has acquired some knowledge of the teeth of snakes, toads, birds and fishes, has learned the origin, insertion, function, blood and nerve supply of the extensor secundi internodii muscle, the proper pronunciation of *c-sof-a-gos*, the reason why two soluble salts form an insoluble one, all the drugs recognized by the United States and British pharmacopœias, how much carbon dioxide is obtainable from a ton of coal, the reason why an artificial denture has no wisdom teeth, that the *Streptococcus Pyogenes* and *Staphylococcus Pyogenes Aureus* are pus-forming organisms with which he has to battle for the rest of his life, when he has mastered all of these things and many more, surely indeed shall he be able to successfully cope with the cruellest misfortunes that Fate may thrust upon him.

But now that the time draws near when we must sever the ties of comradeship which have linked us together for three prosperous and happy years, let us

take a look forward into the dim and distant future and try in our imagination to picture what Life may have in store for us.

B. F. Allen, President. In twenty years I see him as a corpulent country gentleman, having long since retired with an enviable bank account.

H. P. Emeis, Vice-President, "Society Jim," leader of the smart set in Salt Lake City, spending his time in relating the achievements of his youth.

G. H. Alford, Secretary. Will possibly be persuaded to leave his profession to take up the duties of Secretary of U. S. War Department.

J. L. Metcalf, Treasurer. His future will be adorned with locks of golden hair from his admiring lady patients.

J. L. Rice, Historian. If such men as Swinton, Clements, or McCarthy, some years hence could read "Rice's History of the Twentieth Century," they would turn green with envy.

C. E. Dunn, Artist. He will soon forsake dentistry for a calling more to his liking. He will be seen tramping through the country, decorating high board fences with advertisements for "Sapolio."

J. F. Clark, Poet. If Jim ever falls in with "King Ed.," he shall certainly be created Poet Laureate.

C. L. Thompson, Valedictorian. Such a mind as his can never be content in dentistry. Some few years hence I see such men as Jos. Chamberlain, trembling beneath the onslaught of rhetorical utter-

ances poured upon him in some parliamentary debate by our friend and former class-mate.

E. W. Green, Sergeant-at-Arms. If Green ever succeeds in taming himself he will probably start a zoo, as his reputation as a "roaring" lion tamer would be thus firmly established.

Miss Bosley. If we should call on her ten years hence we should probably find her polishing off a fine gold filling, while from the region of the kitchen issued forth odors of savory steak, intermingled with occasional oaths from the husband who was in that part of the domicile preparing the dinner.

H. L. Averil. He has had so much experience in mail matters that we may expect some day to find him in the postal service.

W. O'Neill. Will stick to his profession, and some day become a demonstrator in our college with the usual enormous salary.

J. Pletcher. Will succeed Professor Claggett as dancing-master.

G. Carr. George need never starve, as, should he make a failure of dentistry, he is so musically inclined that he could make a living with a street-piano.

L. C. Hess. His future, like the gathering night, is ominous and dark.

W. A. Mabie. Will lose his practice by wasting his time in searching for the "philosopher's stone."

C. D. Clough. Will some day be doing an extensive ranching business in the Canadian Northwest.

M. M. Shea. Everyone will wonder why he has the striped pole hung out in front of his dental office. If he doesn't make a success of dentistry he will *give it a close shave*.

F. E. Hatch. If he fall into the hands of the Y. M. C. A. they will certainly make a preacher of him, he has such a clerical appearance.

J. H. Blanchard. If he fight life's battles as fearlessly as he fought the Freshmen at the "rush" his success is assured.

"Mansback, Buckner & Co., City Bargain Store." This sign will be seen five years from now on the corner of Harrison and Baltimore Streets.

C. C. Condon. Watch him. He is going to do the "Rip Van Winkle Act."

F. S. Smith. Is certain some day to be president of the International Dental Association.

F. A. T. Block. Head dentist to His Excellency the Emperor of China.

J. B. Crocker. Though Fortune may not smile on him, he will still smile on his patients.

J. Elliott. President of National Tobacco Company.

E. S. Blythe. His future will be spent sitting on his office steps flirting with the fair sex.

H. M. Gibson. Will possibly have a position as "cop" on Lexington Street.

W. A. Ribble.

Physic and blister, powder and pill,
Bound to conquer and sure to kill.

S. T. Bailey. After one year in the profession he will return to the farm.

T. B. Brady. He will die of brain-fever brought on by over-study.



H. Naylor. You can never tell by the looks of a frog how far he can jump. You will see Naylor jump to the top of his profession in a few short years.

E. J. Evans.

Though small in size
He is wondrous wise;
And his future, I guess,
Will be one grand success.

C. B. Green. Green he was, Green he is, and Green
he shall be for Green is his name.

W. O. Smith. He will probably become a milliner,
as he has spent as much time in the study of that
branch as he has in the study of dentistry.

T. D. Morrison and W. J. Jackson will probably be
found in partnership, trying to place "retrogressive
dentistry" on a firmer basis.

N. L. Soule and G. P. Payzant. We shall notice
the following adv. in the *Boston Globe* of 1905, with
the above names attached in large letters: "Rock Bot-
tom Dental Parlors; Plates of all kinds from \$1.33½
up; Crowns 49 cts., made while you wait; Bridges a
specialty; all operations, such as removal of corns,
bunions, tumors, etc., guaranteed absolutely painless."

J. H. Jessops. Some day perhaps we shall see him
sitting in a gilded cage.

C. E. Foster. President of Baltimore Electric Rail-
way Company.

E. C. Vitou. Chief of Baltimore Fire Department
ten years hence.

G. S. Belaval. He will be a second Mascagni.

H. Stoner. In twenty years he will still be resting.

A. B. Cecil and M. R. Geidner. Future owners and
proprietors of the Auditorium.

J. T. Kennedy, whose musical voice exceeds that of
Andrew Mack, will in ten years hence be chief leader
of the Peabody Institute.

W. H. Donovan will return to his native State and
be a second Daniel Boone.

E. Deichman and G. E. Armacost. We predict for
them a bright future as chief dentists for the insane at
Grove City.

Picture W. B. Flynn in twenty years as a Dean of a
Dental College where it is not compulsory for stu-
dents to attend lectures.

W. A. Tretheway in five years will be head of the
faculty of a college in Nova Scotia, his subject being
Operative Dentistry.

T. Robertson in five years hence as President of the
Supreme Chapter of the Xi Psi Phi fraternity.

M. P. Shobe in the near future a dentist doing
charity work among the redskins of the Northwest
Territory.

J. H. Davis in three years will tire of dentistry and
will go into the real estate business.

Imagine J. M. Porter in five years becoming as pop-
ular in the world of art as is — Gibson of to-day.

J. H. Kelly will lead a very quiet life as a dentist in
his native town.

Picture Arcand looking so neat, with a gold-headed cane, and walking Lexington Street. Picture him then in five years, say, walking into a very fine café. Picture



F. A. GIBBONS AND G. R. SMITH IN 1915.

him now as he would smilingly say, "Give me some pea soup for hungry am I." Now what in the world do you think of that guy?

The writer is sure that these vague attempts at prophesying the future of those whose names have been used, will be taken as they are intended, simply as harmless pleasantries. And now as we are about to go forth from the protecting arm of our dear old College, where we have always found some skilful hand and willing heart ready to assist in bearing our burden, when it bore too heavily upon us, may we do so with the honest determination that duty to our profession shall always be uppermost in our thoughts, that we shall ever exert our greatest efforts and strongest influences to create and maintain for our profession the high standing which it merits, and that, though we may feel incompetent when thrown upon our own resources, to grope in the mysterious darkness, which, like a grim and silent pall, seems to settle down upon and enshroud our future, we shall cope bravely with the misfortunes which we feel are certain to come to all of us, and by constant perseverance, endeavor to win glory for ourselves, fame for our noble calling, and honor for our beloved *Alma Mater*.

PROPIET.

Farewell.



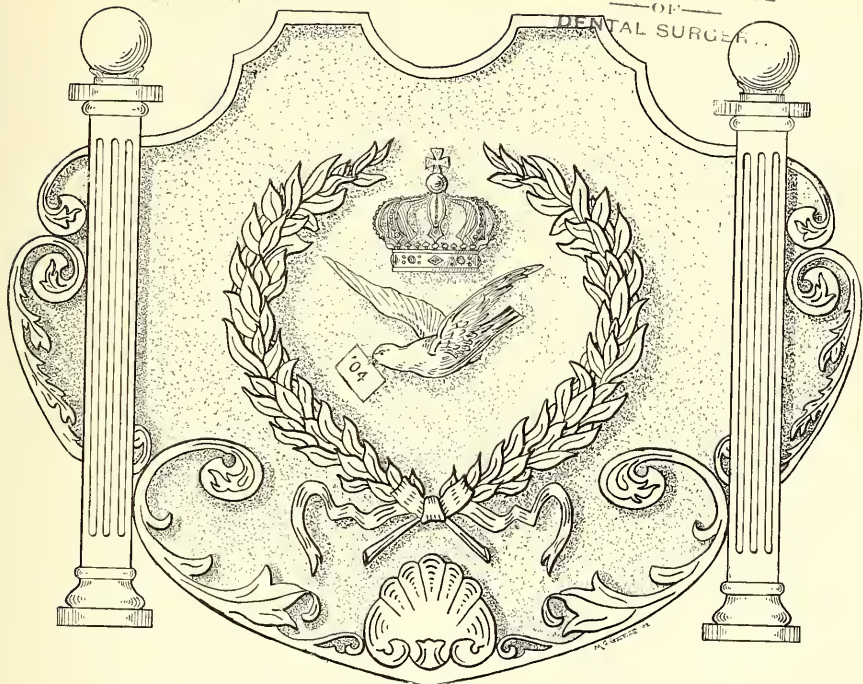
To thee our *Alma Mater*,
We bid thee now adieu;
Likewise our demonstrators,
Faculty and class-mates, too.
We'll cherish fond recollections
Of days we've spent with you,
And our future success as dentists
We'll ascribe to the old Gold and Blue.
Long live the grand old institution,
Whose record is unsurpassed,
And whose ardent, earnest endeavor
Has ranked us a graduating class.
A. F. C., '03.

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—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.



THE END.

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— OF —
DENTAL SURGERY



JUNIOR CLASS.

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DENTAL SURGERY.



1904 CLASS OFFICERS.

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Class of 1904.



Motto—NUNC AUT NUNQUAM.

Colors—CARMINE AND PURPLE.

Flower—WHITE CARNATION.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Rip, Rum, Roar,
B.C.D.S.
Nineteen Four.



Officers.

JOHN C. ALLEN, President.

H. BATES SMALL, Vice-President.

ALLEN B. REES, Secretary.

HENRY E. SMITH, Treasurer.

ALFORD J. BORDELON, Historian.

AUGUSTE D'ARGY, Artist.

WILLIAM J. HOGAN, Sargeant-at-Arms.

Junior Class Roll.



ACKERMAN, MISS SARAH S.	Maryland.	FITCHNER, CLARENCE R.	Pennsylvania.
ALLEN, JOHN C., $\Psi \Omega$	Massachusetts.	FINNIGAN, DENNIS C.	Vermont.
ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM G., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Massachusetts.	GALLARDO, RICARDO	Porto Rico.
BARCLAY, FRANK J.	Pennsylvania.	GARRETT, HOWARD L.	New York.
BECKWITH, FREDERICK E.	Nova Scotia.	GERMAN, GEORGE F., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	New York.
BISHOP, JOHN A., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	New Jersey.	GETTIER, FRED W.	Maryland.
BLACKMORE, EDWIN C., $\Psi \Omega$	Virginia.	GOLDING, A. DONALD, $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Massachusetts.
BORDELON, ALFRED J., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Louisiana.	GRADY, THOMAS J.	Canada.
BRISTOL, HORACE R., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Vermont.	GRAHAM, JOSEPH J.	Canada.
CAPLEN, JACOB E., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Texas.	GUY, LOUIS E., $\Psi \Omega$	Virginia.
CORRIGAN, FRANK J., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Connecticut.	HANN, HARRY H.	New Jersey.
CUMMINS, ALVIN B., $\Psi \Omega$	West Virginia.	HINMAN, BENJAMIN B.	Connecticut.
D'ARGY, AUGUSTE, $\Psi \Omega$	Maine.	HOGAN, WILLIAM J., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Connecticut.
DAVIDSON, DARSETTE A.	Virginia.	JENSEN, CHRIST	Ohio.
DENIKE, JAMES A., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Canada.	KEELER, BENJAMIN H., $\Psi \Omega$	Connecticut.
DELLINGER, HARRY W., $\Psi \Omega$	Maryland.	KEIDEL, FELIX	Texas.
DOLAN, MICHAEL J.	Massachusetts.	KILBOURNE, ARTHUR P.	Pennsylvania.
DOUGHTY, JOSEPH C.	Maine.	KIDDER, CHARLES F.	Maine.
DUNNING, EDWARD S., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	New Jersey.	KOEHLER, RUDOLPH H., $\Psi \Omega$	Texas.
EDDY, ELIAS N.	West Virginia.	LEIGHTON, GEORGE T., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Canada.
FERNANDEZ, JORGE B., $\Psi \Omega$	Porto Rico.	LEIB, HARRY C.	Maryland.

LOEWE, GEORGE W. Maryland.
 MANAKEE, THOMAS R., $\Psi \Omega$ Maryland.
 MARTIN, FRANK C., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Massachusetts.
 McCULLUM, CHARLES S., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Virginia.
 McDONALD, GEORGE H., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Canada.
 McLAUGHLIN, ROBERT H., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ N. Carolina.
 MITCHELL, THOMAS H. Maine.
 MONROE, DAVID J., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Nova Scotia.
 NEILEY, BAYORD L., $\Psi \Omega$ Nova Scotia.
 NORRIS, CARL P., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ North Carolina.
 NORTHROP, R. E. LEE New York.
 NOLAN, JOSEPH P. A. Rhode Island.
 PARKS, THOMAS F., $\Psi \Omega$ Nova Scotia.
 ROBILLARD, JOSEPH E., $\Psi \Omega$ Massachusetts.
 REES, BROOKE A., $\Psi \Omega$ West Virginia.

RINSLAND, LEWIS Pennsylvania.
 RUE, HARRY O. Maryland.
 SHARP, J. CLAUDE Canada.
 SIMS, WILLIAM T., $\Psi \Omega$ Ohio.
 SMALL, H. BATES, $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Vermont.
 SMITH, THOMAS L., $\Psi \Omega$ Alabama.
 SMITH, HENRY E., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Canada.
 SOMERS, JAMES M. Maine.
 THOMPSON, RALPH H. Maine.
 THOMPSON, ALBERT K. Virginia.
 VERMILLION, LEVI H. West Virginia.
 WATSON, FRANK W. West Virginia.
 WHEELER, IRA R., $\Psi \Omega$ Maryland.
 WORRELL, J. FRED Canada.



Class Poem, 1904.

I.

We are gathered here from far and near,
All on one errand bent,
To gather knowledge, also skill,
And it is our intent

II.

To become proficient in every branch
Our professors here may teach;
And we hope in the future some sweet day
The top of the ladder we'll reach.

III.

Representatives here may alike be found
From nearly every State,
And quite a number of foreigners
From countries small and great.

IV.

When first we met in nineteen-one
Our knowledge of "teeth" was small,
But now that we have Juniors grown
We think we know it all.

V.

We love to work with plaster-of-Paris
So very, very well
That we couldn't resist at the Freshman "rush"
From plastering them like—well—

VI.

Those pretty little Freshman lads,
That took part in the fight,
Could scarcely be identified
They were left in such a plight.

VII.

In the lecture hall we're always on hand
To answer to our name (?),
To be respectful and attentive, too,
Has always been our aim.

VIII.

When a "quiz" is in order and questions are asked,
You bet that's where we shine (?).
Can they ever stick us? Well, I should say not,
Except—well, they may *sometimes*.

IX.

Our number is seventy, seven times ten,
Or ten times seven, you see;
This is the size of our Junior Class,
And jolly lads are we.

X.

From North to South, from East to West,
You may travel from shore to shore,
But try as you may, you cannot beat
This Class of Nineteen Four!

H. R. BRISTOL, '04.

History of the Class of 1904.



IN this brief history of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Four, it is hoped no one expects to find a full account or even mention of all worthy influences which its superior presence has exerted within our College, for that person would be, in the natural logic of things, predestined to sad disappointment. And when the enormous task of chronicling all the famous deeds of '04 is taken into consideration, I trust these few shortcomings will be lightly passed upon.

It may be verily said that the crowd of bright and enthusiastic faces assembled in front of the College at the opening of the session of 1901-1902, ready to pass under the portal arch that leads from the different occupations of youth to the selected avocation of dentistry, represented a class destined to make fame its own and write its history on tablets of stone.

Shortly after the opening of school the class organized, and accordingly on the seventeenth of October a meeting of the class was called, for the purpose of electing the different officers and framing the constitution by which it was to reach the golden shore of graduation. This was the signal for the beginning of a long-pending conflict between the allied Senior and Junior forces, and the Freshmen. A desperate combat followed for several hours. The chief missiles

used were water and plaster-of-Paris. After a fierce struggle we were able to oust our assailants, who were only too glad to retreat with keen recollections of what had happened, in the form of a plastered hat, a sleeveless coat or a blue eye on the face.

As to our diligence and love for study, I think it may be well said of us, "These are the best, they lead the rest." Of course every one put aside all pleasures and set to hard and earnest work, from the very start. It was not very long before the shouts for admission were heard by the besieged Faculty, within their stronghold, and they answered: "Make fifty and thou shalt surely enter." By this we knew that an assault would be necessary. Soon the plans for the attack were laid and the assault began, although we lost some valiant men in the terrible storm of interrogatives poured into our ranks by those trained gunners.

We had now achieved that for which we had longed and prayed for one long year. "He that knows and knows not that he knows is a Junior. Respect him."

With departing greenness and budding dignity we entered upon the second term of our course. After a few months of much-enjoyed and much-needed vacation, each one was back, ready to grasp the situation

and eager to enter the door that leads into the deeper mysteries of dentistry. One of our first duties was to teach a never-to-be forgotten lesson to the neophytes who, from the very beginning had shown a disposition to rule things in just about the manner they pleased. It was a matter of a few minutes only, however, for the "Freshies" surrendered unconditionally. "Thereafter they must never appear at College, wearing mustaches or carrying canes, and they must always go way back and take a back seat."

Following this came the election of our class officers. But these are so well known among their fellows and by all their friends that mere mention of their names would be unnecessary.

In the chemical laboratory we have performed some very extraordinary experiments, such as turning blue litmus red and red litmus blue; forming soluble salts of insoluble ones, and insoluble salts of soluble ones. We have caused to precipitate substances that had here-

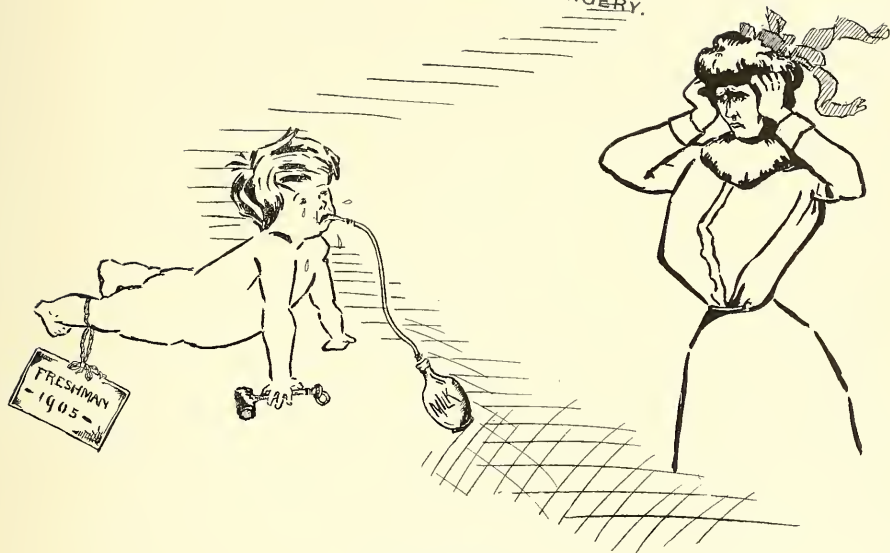
before refused to do so; and so many other feats of unbounded importance have we accomplished, that even the Paters of Chemistry stop to wonder at us.

Another notable and undoubtedly most significant part of our work has been performed at the College of Physicians and Surgeons. Here the most difficult of surgical operations have been rendered so simple and performed with such ability, that even a Lorenz might look upon us in awe and dumfoundedness. The close of our second term is drawing near, and with it ends the second period of our history. The history of our future, I can predict will be one of glorious achievements, and one which will always reflect unbounded honor, credit and fame upon our old *Alma Mater*.

With fond remembrances of congenial class-mates and kind, helpful instructors, during two pleasant, prosperous years, we bid each other good-by, with the happy thought of meeting again ere long.

THE HISTORIAN.

LIBRARY
BALTIMORE COLLEGE
—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.



WHO SAID FRESHMAN?

LIBRARY
BALTIMORE COLLEGE
—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.



FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS.

Freshman Class, 1905.



Motto—"SUCCEDERE NOSTRA AMBITIO."

Colors—GARNET AND WHITE.

Flower—WHITE ROSE.

Yell.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

We are alive,

B.C.D.S.

Nineteen Five.



Officers.

HENRY FURSCIBACK, President.

DUDLEY W. PINEO, Secretary.

GEORGE W. DENNING, Historian.

HOWARD W. HAWLEY, Poet.

RAY M. LEONARD, Vice-President.

DENNIS F. BURKE, Treasurer.

JARED O. MINER, Artist.

JAMES P. O'KEEFE, Sergeant-at-Arms.

Freshmen Class Roll.



AMES, JOHN R., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Virginia.	FINDON, JOSEPH H.	Connecticut.
AMES, VERNON B.	Virginia.	FURSCHBACK, HENRY, $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	New Jersey.
ARVIN, J. NOLAND	Texas.	GERHARD, E. C., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	Ohio.
BARRINGER, GEORGE R.	North Carolina.	GILDEA, ROBERT A. S.	New Jersey.
BECKER, ERNEST	Texas.	GODFREY, JOHN	Ohio.
BERCIER, PLINY H., $\Psi \Omega$	Louisiana.	HALL, FRANK J.	Maryland.
BICKLE, JOHN C.	Virginia.	HATFIELD, HENRY	Nova Scotia.
BISHOP, HOWARD A.	New Brunswick.	HAWLEY, HOWARD W.	Connecticut.
BOYER, REUBEN K.	Pennsylvania.	HEINTZ, KARL P.	Maryland.
BRUN, B. LUCIEN	Maryland.	HINSON, EDGAR J.	South Carolina.
BURKE, DENNIS F.	New York.	HITE, RALPH M., $\Psi \Omega$	West Virginia.
CAIRUS, FRANK W.	Massachusetts.	HOFFMAN, J. HENRY	Maryland.
CAREY, CHARLES J.	Massachusetts.	KEATOR, JOHN J.	New York.
CATURLA, EDGAR	Cuba.	KILLARY, CHARLES E.	Vermont.
CLARK, PHILIP E.	Rhode Island.	KRAMER, HARRY I.	Michigan.
CLEMENTS, JOHN F.	Massachusetts.	KRIECHBAUM, RAYMOND A.	Maryland.
DAVIS, P. BENJAMIN	West Virginia.	LA LIBERTE, GEORGE W., $\Xi \Psi \Phi$	New York.
DEMING, GEORGE W.	New York.	LAMB, JOHN P.	North Carolina.
ELY, JOHN E.	New York.	LAY, ERNEST	Texas.
FARNSWORTH, WILLIAM R.	New York.	LEONARD, RAYMOND N., $\Psi \Omega$	Nevada.
FINDON, JOHN W.	Connecticut.	LEVIN, HERMAN	Connecticut.

LOFTUS, J. LEO Massachusetts.
 MACKAY, A. WILSON, $\Xi \Psi \Phi$ Prince Edward Island.
 MANN, HARRY E. . . . New Brunswick.
 MARTIN, HENRY A. . . . Rhode Island.
 MASTERS, CHARLES H. $\Psi \Omega$. . . Louisiana.
 MAY, FRANK H. Ohio.
 MCCLUNE, JAMES H. Pennsylvania.
 McDERMOTT, CARL New Jersey.
 MCGOWAN, JOHN F. New York.
 McLAUGHLIN, WILLIAM C. . . . Connecticut.
 McLEAN, FRANK S. G. Connecticut.
 McLEOD, W. CLINTON Maine.
 MERRIAM, WALTER R. Maryland.
 MINER, JARED O. Connecticut.
 MOORE, CICERO J. Connecticut.
 MORREISEY, CHARLES F. . . . Connecticut.
 MULHALL, WILLIAM H. . . . Nova Scotia.
 MULLAN, CHARLES E. Maryland.
 O'BRIEN, GARNET W. Nova Scotia.
 O'KEEFE, JAMES P. Connecticut.
 O'LAUGHLIN, FRANK Connecticut.
 O'TOOLE, JOSEPH A. Maryland.
 PALMER, ALEXANDER S. . Prince Edward Island.
 PINEO, DUDLEY W. Nova Scotia.

PINNELL, HEZEKIAH F. . . . West Virginia.
 POBIRSKY, ALBERT Russia.
 PRAED, NICHOLAS F. New Jersey.
 RAMSEY, ROY H. Oklahoma.
 SAILOR, EZRA C. Pennsylvania.
 SCHRIVER, OLIVER C. Pennsylvania.
 SELF, I. RUFFIN North Carolina.
 SHENERMAN, HARRY D. P. . . . Maryland.
 SHOAF, GROVER C. Texas.
 SMALLWOOD, ALFRED H. . . . Nova Scotia.
 SMITH, CARL E. Pennsylvania.
 SWASEY, ROLAND G. Vermont.
 THOMPSON, JOHN H. Florida.
 TRACY, JOHN F. Massachusetts.
 TUMMY, THOMAS Connecticut.
 WAY, HILLIARD North Carolina.
 WEBB, R. WESTON Maine.
 WELSH, JOHN E. South Carolina.
 WEST, ALDEN J. British Columbia.
 WHALON, MARTIN A. New Jersey.
 WISE, ADOLPH H. New York.
 YACOUBYAN, VAHRAM K. Egypt.
 YELVERTON, J. HUGH, $\Xi \Psi \Phi$. North Carolina.

Class Poem, 1905.



I.

With gentle mien and stately grace
The Freshman enters this dear old place.
So to introduce him, I must strive,
Please, sirs, this is Nineteen Five.

II.

So, you see, we're here. To make a name,
Perhaps may get a tablet in the Hall of Fame,
But if we don't, *we're* not to blame,
We're bound to "get there" just the same.

III.

So ye fellows of studious turn,
Who are entered here, to live and learn,
Get out your book, and with your specs discern
The character of your studies stern.

IV.

No doubt some fellow has many times thought
That through this world, on a horse he'd trot,
But it takes but one glance at his books to convince
That he's in the wrong pew, he's got no such cinch.

V.

But even the fellow who here has found
That the best fruit to pick, hangs high above ground,
May be able in time to land safe and sound
By *pulling* and *plugging*, to the place where he's bound.

VI.

And now to thank upper classmen of our school
For keeping so strenuously the Golden Rule.
You certainly did us as we'd like to do you,
But you've fully repaid us by helping us through.

VII.

And even though in your lordly way,
When you've oftentimes held us in your sway,
We've been learning a pile and have laid it by,
So it on the Freshies next year to try.

VIII.

So keep a stout heart, you youngest set;
You'll have patients some day yet;
Enough I hope to keep you alive,
Long to honor old Nineteen Five.

H. W. HAWLEY, '05.

History of the Class of 1905.



TO properly recount the doings of such a class as 1905 would require space bounded only by the covers of this book, for, although we have been here but a short time, we have made ourselves felt in more ways than one. Indeed, the usual conception of "the Freshman" is entirely wrong in our case. We beg to assure all whom it may concern that those qualities of hoot-licking servility, so long attributed to that class, are far from us.

With what mingled feelings we look back on the opening days of college, when, drifting one by one into Baltimore from the four corners of the earth, we took up our several abodes on various streets leading to the College. We laugh now at the awe we felt at "the tramp" of the Senior feet. For then each man had to stand or fall alone, where as now, we are united. Yes, we are united, and not for the glory of the class alone, but more strangely still, for the honor of our College.

What a sturdy crowd we seemed that first day at lectures, and how proud each one felt to be a part of such a class! One day the word was passed that there would be a class meeting the following evening in the lecture hall, and thereby hangs a tale. At the appointed time the Freshmen began to set their faces college-ward. One by one they came, and each man

in turn was introduced to H_2O and $CaSO_4$, this being hurled at him from the top of the stairs. We did not need to be told the upper class men were among us—wily Seniors. Order was restored for the time being by the appearance of a member of the Faculty and several "blue coats" on the opposite corner of the street. The class assembled at lectures next morning with a feeling of satisfaction as far as election of officers was concerned, but one could easily see there was a feeling between the upper and lower classes. The lecture closed, the doors also were closed, and one hundred Freshmen found themselves enclosed within those walls. A moment's pause, and then every man rose up in indignation and strength. Soon the room was filled with a moving, surging, struggling mass of humanity. At last the doors were flung open, the Class of 1905 moved out like a giant body, a triumphal procession. The Seniors were completely swamped and soon raised the flag of truce. Poor upper classmen!

Well, college closed a day or two for repairs so the bruised and sore Seniors had a chance to rest up a bit. After we had demonstrated our strength in this way, the air around B. C. D. S. became calmer (?) and our troubles evaporated—all but that brain-bursting, fire-eyed exam.—and allow me to say, we expect to over-

come him in the same manly way that we did the upper classmen. But enough of this, lest by mentioning these things we injure their tender feelings.

We were now organized and fast becoming a progressive body, sufficient unto ourselves, and a power in the College. But few of us knew our strength until we had our first experience in the extracting room extracting teeth. Well, we remember how our hearts thumped when first we stood before a patient, forceps in hand. For many of us it would have been easier to have shot a bird on the wing than it was to put the instruments into the open mouth. Had we had our way we would have pulled any tooth but the right one. When at last the tooth was within our grasp and the patient (poor soul!) within our power, how we twisted and pulled, wrenched and hauled, amid shrieks, groans, howling and laughter. At last the victory won, we waved forceps and tooth wildly in the air. Victory was ours. But why write this, all have experienced the same thing, Seniors, Juniors and Freshmen. Long shall we remember "how we first extracted a tooth."

Besides extracting teeth, we have made sets of teeth—some of us many sets—we will not deny it, but at times Fate seemed to be against us, and who in our class will ever forget how, after taking impressions by the dozens, setting the teeth as carefully as a diamond setter does a rare and priceless jewel, doing the "rub-

ber act" with care, accompanying the vulcanizing with almost a prayer, upon examination of his plate, with a feeling of agony, has discovered it porous, or, if all right so far, he has accepted congratulations from his fellows, who watched him with envying eyes while they heard the Professor's "well done," and afterwards labored faithfully for several days scraping and polishing it, only to find that in his anxiety to get it a "little better" he has reached the palatine surface. But, after all, we are proud of our work, at last it is pronounced "good" by the Professor.

We must not pass over the lectures we have received; lectures, not like some we have been accustomed to in our past life, but lectures enjoyable, instructive, entertaining, intermingled with some "right good stories," entirely foreign to the subject of dentistry, and we wonder why—but in our future we may recall these stories and then realize for what purpose they were related.

As has been said at the beginning, we have been gathered from all parts, and our class is composed of men of various traits, yet we are not divided in any respect, but stand together, shoulder to shoulder, for B. C. D. S. and 1905. And when the time, which seems so dim and far away, shall come, when we leave these scenes already grown dear to us, may we still be found ever going forward in our noble profession.

THE HISTORIAN.

To Naughty Five.



I.

Remember the night, old man,
You struck this town with grip in hand
And gazed around you thunder struck,
And blindly wondered where you'd land?

II.

A funny feeling, wasn't it?
To find yourself so out of it,
To have no place to rest your head,
You almost wished that you were dead.

III.

But now all is changed, you're here at last,
And all such troublesome scenes are past,
You get your rush, and mighty fast.
You're hustled out with all your class.

IV.

But never mind, old Naughty Five,
We'll have a chance if we're alive
To even things at next year's rush,
And watch the Freshies bow to us.

V.

To see them land with grip and frown,
At everything in this old town,
And then they'll wish that they were back
With father, mother and the shack.

VI.

But the time will come some future day,
When you'll look back, and think, and say
That student days of all your lives
Were the happiest days for Naughty Five.

H. W. H., '05.

To Our Editorial Staff.

To Bristol—

A smart young man in our Junior Class,
Whom we all love 'tis plain to see;
I scarce need tell for you all know well,
Mr. Bristol, it is he.

We are glad to have him with us,
We haven't much more to say;
We wish him health and happiness,
And prosperity all his way.

To Robillard—

We have another on our Editorial Staff,
He has black, curly hair and a winning laugh,
But he with the fair sex will not run
For he is here to study and not for fun.

Now I must prove my tale is true,
Or else you'll mark me as an old fogy.
Take my advice and you will learn
It is no one else but "Roby."

To Worrell—

There is another man, one whom
We would not overlook;
His name is Mr. Worrell,
As smart as opens a book.

He hails from far up North,
In Canada, so they tell;
It makes no difference that is sure,
For we all do love him well.



To Dellinger—

Dellinger is another in our set,
To whom our thoughts do soar.
He'll be in the swim, so please don't forget
This class of Nineteen Four.

Oh, yes! It's Harry, and everyone knows
He will surely have friends wherever he goes.
Long may you live and happy be
Is among our best wishes of kindness to thee.

To d'Argy—

The next one is a little man
From dear old France he came,
But this was many years ago
And now he hails from Maine.

d'Argy is his name,
I know you all will say,
But look out for the same
On examination day.

To German—

There is one in our Junior Class
To whom we wish to devote a few lines.
He is editor of our grinds
And is good at making rhymes.

He came to us from Buffalo,
And we all do love him well,
If we call him G. Frank German,
But the *ladies* all call him *swell*.

To Norris—

Now comes a man of whom none can say
That he has wronged them in any way;
Of him we will gladly boast,
Though in the ANNUAL he gets a roast.

He has bright red hair and a jolly air,
His heart seems light without a care.
Perhaps we all have uphill roads to climb,
But we will get there, Norris, right on time.

To Keeler—

Now the next man you all know well,
Of him we are equally proud;
When asked a question he can surely tell,
But never is too loud.

He from Connecticut does come,
Now, I hope I have made it clear
That Mr. Keeler is the one,
A man we all love dear.

To Guy—

Now the next will be Virginia fair,
The State he calls his own;
And proud she should be of this young man,
No matter where he'll roam.

You have a level head
And a heart that beats so true,
The best of wishes be it said,
"Guy," we extend to you.





T'OTHER day, I was sittin' in my office when the office boy popped his hed inter the door and sed—"A gentleman ter see yer, Mr. Wilkins," and in walked quite a likely young feller with auburn-haired lookin' whiskers. I pinted ter a cheer and he sot daown. "Well," sez I, "what kin I dew fer yew this mawning?" And ter myself I sez, some consarned book-agent, er else some one wantin' subscriptions fer the "Widders' Home" er the "Old Maids' Orphan Asylum."

I didn't say nothin' fer a few minutes, and finilly I seed that he was goin' ter say somethin' and it kinder stuck in his throt. Finilly he pulled them whiskers with a vingince and lookin' out ther winder sez, "Say, Mr. Wilkins' ivery buddy sez that yew air mighty interlectual and knows mor'n most foalks raound here, and I wanten know if yew won't rite an artikel fer aour College Annual? We're goin ter hev one of ther best Annuels enny boddy ever heerd on and we shuld like somethin' from yew ez an ornamin't." I jest smiled on him er little seein' he preciated by abilities and eddycation and sez—"Well, naow, young feller yer axt ter me jest as if yew wus pritty nigh level-heded and hed some branes and I'll be gol-durned if yew hain't struk jest about ther rite place fer an artikel fer

that air book uv yourn. I hain't much knowldige bout Histoligy er Orphioligy with them air ornithounrincusses, and it hain't no Paderwisky ner Lorenzes', but if yew want somethin' pertickerly classikel, and somethin' thet hain't got luv mixed up in it, and don't say nuthin' about ther coal-strike—I reckon yer mighty lucky comin' here.

"Naow days, yer know, fellers thet hev enny ability ter rite either hain't got no eddycation er else they got some woman on ther branes thet takes ther stuffin' right aout uv a feller fer real classikel writin'. And naow while I'm speekin' of wimmen I reckon thet I ken tell yew a thing er tew thet's mighty likely ter be uv considerabal bennefit tew a young feller bout your size.

"Naow, wimmen air like bees, they measure ther smartness by ther abbility ter caus trubble. A woman feels mighty smart if she kin git er chance ter tell a feller she won't hev him, and then show him ther door and go ter the winder ter see him fall up against the nearest barn-yard fence and sob his eyes out.

"Natur has done a powerful lot fer wimmin, but at ther same time she hez invented 'bout a duzen mixed drinks that will usually heal a feller's broken heart. If they don't just take a nuther dose and repeat in

fifty minutes. Naow, a man would be a might fine thing if 'twant fer wimmen—you probably hain't never tho't uv gittin' a woman, hev yew? Well, never mind—I didn't mean ter be pussonal, ner ter make yer blush, young feller, but I've hed some 'sperience and seein' we're confidenshully talkin' I'd like ter tel yew what it means ter get a woman. Naow, just before yew get her, yew are mighty oneasy like, there's a short period thet yer won't hev much appetite, yer pulse will double, and every one anywhere raound will suffer; once in a while yew will know whut yer doin' but this will only be okkasionul; you'll think yer dreamin' haf the time and t'other haf you'll wish yer wus; yer money will go like a otternobubble and yer *may* be druv tew drink. I once knew a young feller who wus ter be married—and seein' we're confidenshully talkin' I don't mind tellin' yer who 'twas, 'twas my unkle's sister's father's brother-in-law—and he wuz as fine a feller as yer very often see, and he wus up in Sosciety with us folk tew, and he wuz druv to drink simply because uv the affection uv the woman he wus ter marry; he went crazy and they hed ter put him in an asylum, and one night he died just from luv, and the next mornin' they found these wurds scratched on ther wall:

God made man
 Frail as a bubbel
 God made luv,
 Luv made trubble.

God made ther vine.
 Was it a sin
 Thet men made wine
 Ter drown trubble in?

"So, young feller, look out fer the wimmen.

"Naow, perhaps, I hain't been very classikel while we been talkin', but I don't believe in scrupitiously epostulatin' when yer simultaneously endeavorin' ter antitransubstantialistically explain and ter metaphorically advise and at the same time hev yer advice antidenominationalistical. Say—you hain't the young feller thet I took up ter dinner t'other day, air yew? Yer mighty near his twin, anyway. Well, yer see, 'twas this way: I was drivin' up from ther city. I'd been carryin' off some pertaters and ternips fer me sister's brother whar I was visitin', and jest as I got ter the turn in the medder, whar the road turns ter go up to Deakon Hochkiss' ole place, I seed someone with a big load of medder hay, tipped bottom side up, right alongside uv Widder Green's new hen-house.

"Well, naow, I wus kinder sorry fer thet young feller, but I declare for it, 'twould made yer laugh ter hev seen 'im. The wind wuz blowin' purty hard and the hay wuz flyin' and them air red whiskers of his'n hadn't seen a barber fer six months, but I kinder put pussonal appearance aside and sed, 'Yew jest jump in here with me and we'll go up ter the house and get a bite. Then I will come daown and help yer load thet hay.' 'Nope,' sez he, 'I can't. My father

'wouldn't like it if I should.' Well, naow, I argered with thet young feller fer half an hour and finally he sed he'd go, but the 'Ole Man' wud be mad.

"Naow, I couldn't see the reason why thet ole man should be mad ter me, so after dinner I sez ter the feller, sez I, 'Yer Ole Man mad ter me, is he?' 'Nope,' sez he. 'Well, naow, why wouldn't he like ter hav yer come up ter eat?' 'Well,' sez he 'I'll tell yer. My Ole Man is under thet load uv hay.'

" 'Well, naow, come to think on't, you ain't thet young feller fer he didn't wear glasses.' "

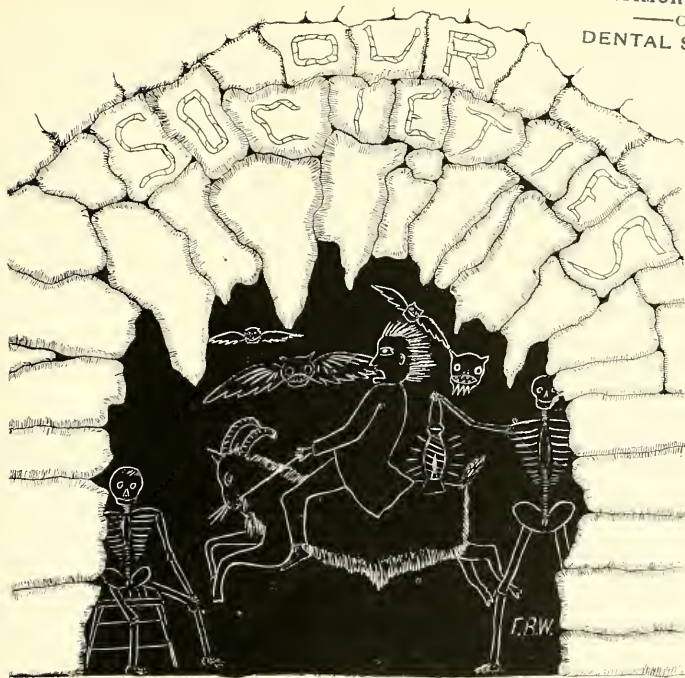
Right here we war interrupted, as the telephone

begun to ring, and I hed ter go to see whet was wanted, and when I come back thet young feller wuz gone. I tho't he'd been kinder oneasy like but I never tho't nuthin' on't, but I reckon he was kinder huffy fer he left a note sayin' somethin' 'bout gettin' inter the wrong office and thet he knew 'bout as much about the wimmen as must uv em dew, and thet he didn't perpose ter be insulted about his pussonal appearance. Well, naow, I never once tho't uv insultin' thet young feller, and I can't see fer the life uv me whut 'twas, onless 'twas about them whiskers.

UNCLE BIAH WILKINS.



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XI PSI PHI.

Xi Psi Phi.

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G. H. Alford, Maryland.
B. F. Allen, Vermont.
H. L. Averill, Vermont.
T. B. Brady, Massachusetts.
G. S. Bevelal, Porto Rico.
S. T. Bailey, West Virginia.
C. D. Clough, Massachusetts.
J. B. Crocker, Canada.

J. F. Clark, Rhode Island.
E. Deichmann, Jr., Maryland.
E. J. Evans, North Carolina.
W. B. Flynn, Massachusetts.
M. R. Geidner, Pennsylvania.
E. W. Green, Mississippi.
L. C. Hess, New York.
Wm. Jackson, Massachusetts.
J. H. Jessop, Pennsylvania.

W. A. Mabie, New York.
J. L. Metcalf, Texas.
T. D. Morrison, Canada.
T. Robertson, Canada.
W. A. Ribble, Pennsylvania.
F. S. Smith, British Columbia.
C. L. Thompson, Canada.
E. C. Vitou, Massachusetts.

Juniors.

W. A. Armstrong, Massachusetts.
J. A. Bishop, New Jersey.
A. J. Bordelon, Louisiana.
H. R. Bristol, Vermont.
J. E. Caplen, Texas.
F. J. Corrigan, Connecticut.
E. S. Dunning, New Jersey.

J. A. Denike, Ontario.
G. F. German, New York.
A. D. Golding, Massachusetts.
W. J. Hogan, Connecticut.
G. T. Leighton, Canada.
G. H. McDonald, Canada.
C. S. McCullum, Virginia.

R. H. McLaughlin, North Carolina.
D. J. Monroe, Nova Scotia.
T. C. Martin, Massachusetts.
C. P. Norris, North Carolina.
H. E. Smith, Canada.
H. B. Small, Vermont.

Freshmen.

J. R. Ames, Virginia.
Henry Furschback, New Jersey.

E. C. Gernhard, Ohio.
G. W. LaLiberte, New York.
A. W. MacKay, Canada.

Carl McDermott, New Jersey.
J. H. Yelverton, North Carolina.

Honorary Members.

W. W. Dunbracco, D.D.S.
C. M. Gingrich, D.D.S.
G. S. Gore, D.D.S.

Wm. Simon, M.D., Ph.D.
H. E. Kelsey, D.D.S.
J. C. Sutherland, D.D.S.

Edward Hoffmeister, A.B., Ph.G.,
D.D.S.
W. F. Smith, A.B., M.D.

Members of Supreme Chapter.

William A. Mabie,

Horace R. Bristol.

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PSI OMEGA.

Alpha Chapter Psi Omega.

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J. C. Allen, Massachusetts.
L. A. d'Argy, Maine.
J. S. Blanchard, Vermont. ✓
E. C. Blackmore, Virginia.
P. H. Bercier, Louisiana.
A. F. Cupp, Pennsylvania.
A. B. Cecil, Maryland. ✓
A. B. Cummins, West Virginia.
H. W. Dellinger, Maryland.
W. H. Donovan, Maine. ✓

J. Elliott, Nova Scotia.
H. P. Emeis, Utah. ✓
J. B. Fernandez, Porto Rico.
L. E. Guy, Virginia.
R. M. Hite, West Virginia.
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G. R. Love, Ohio. ✓
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T. R. Manakee, Maryland.
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B. L. Neiley, Nova Scotia.
H. Naylor, Texas. ✓
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B. A. Rees, West Virginia.
J. E. Robillard, Massachusetts.
M. P. Shobe, Oklahoma. ✓
W. T. Sims, Ohio.
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W. B. Finney, D.D.S.

M. W. Foster, M.D., D.D.S.
W. G. Foster, D.D.S.
G. E. Hardy, M.D., D.D.S.

B. Holly Smith, M.D., D.D.S.
Thomas Latimer, M.D.



Roasts.

Block—"What for you take my plaster bowl?"

O'Neill—"I want to mix some plaster."

Block—"That is my bowl, put it down; I will tell Dr. Dunbracco on you."

O'Neill—"You get away from me, you crazy Dutchman or I will break zoo face!"



SMALL'S FAVORITE OCCUPATION.



WHY DID SENIOR ALLEN LEAVE HIS FIRST LOOGING?

Loewe in clinic on Richmond Crowns—"Doctor, do you back a crown with wax?"

Doctor—"No, sir; with gold."

Mr. Dunning, a very promising young Junior, was calling on a young lady on McCulloh Street, and became so much taken up with this fair maiden that he had forgotten there was any such a thing as time until she informed him it was time for all little boys to be home and also for their house to be locked up.

Who is the smartest man in our College? Why, it is George Carr, of course!

Our Freshman friend, Mr. Keator of New York, attracts a great deal of attention by performing his *wonderful acrobatic feats* (?) in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A.



HOGAN, OUR PROTECTOR.

When will Beval stop trying to raise a mustache?

McCullum, on his way home from Europe, meets a beautiful young maiden and after getting quite deeply interested inquires about the pleasure of her trip. "Were you sick both ways?" he asked solicitously. "No, sir; I only vomited," was her demure reply.

Mr. Garrett you're a wonder,
We will all agree to it;
Never known to make a blunder.
Now is that right? Well, we guess "nit."

We understand our fellow student Mr. Hatch has had an acute attack of sickness. His case has been diagnosed as resulting from diarrhoea of words, and constipation of ideas. We are led to believe from the symptoms depicted that he has been suffering from this complaint for the last three years.



EMEIS AT CAMP TAMPA (FLORIDA).

Jessop at quiz—Shouts "*Here, Doctor,*" then says, "Doctor, did you call my name?"
Doctor—"No, but I will in a minute."

Clough, on being asked after shaving off his mustache why he did the deed, replied, "Oh, I had to do it, being told one night that it was in the way. Anything to please the ladies."



IS IT LOVE OR BUSINESS?
DUE TWO CENTS.



MANAKEE, THE PURVEYOR OF "QUESTIONS AND NOTES"
FOR THE B. C. D. S.

While at the park the other day,
Freshman Leonard to himself did say,
Why I'm so Fresh the very grass
Turns pale with envy as I pass.

Freddy Beckwith was reflecting
How he'd get through his dissecting,
But his exam. was *not so hard*
And now he says he's got his card!

Here among the plaster and wax
I'll bring about a mild climax.

FRESHMAN MOORE.



VITOU AFTER AN HOUR'S STEADY CHEWING DURING
DR. LATIMER'S LECTURE.

You can always get a few pointers on insect life from the beehive.

Herbert returned in triumph from an examination. "How did you make out, my son?" inquired his dotting parent. "First rate," replied Herbert; "I answered all the questions." "Good. How did you answer them?" "I said I didn't know."

Dr. B. Holly Smith's Quiz:

Dr. S.—"Mr. Mansbach, will you please state the causes of different colors of caries?"

Mr. Mansbach—"It is caused by carbon."

Dr. S.—"Why? Was there a fire near by?"



MOORE, ACT 1.

"No complaint, everybody satisfied."

Dr. W. G. Foster after annual rush.
October 17, 1902.

Emeis is about to have published his fourth edition, "How to Walk on Your Hands." No library should be without this book.

Green and his rainbow colored mustache.

Dr. Foster's Lecture:

Arcand—"What is the name of that green stain?"

Dr. F.—"Green stain."

Long Smith lost a button,

All kindly take notice of it.

He said that he wouldn't be good,

So we'll have to sew it on his lip.

Senior Elliott evidently will have before the students of the succeeding years a new book on anatomy. It will not be like the present Gray's in that the pectoralis major muscles will be situated in the lower border of the skull. Joe, you were a little off color but you meant well.

Mr. Clough, of the Senior Class, in company with a young lady recently:

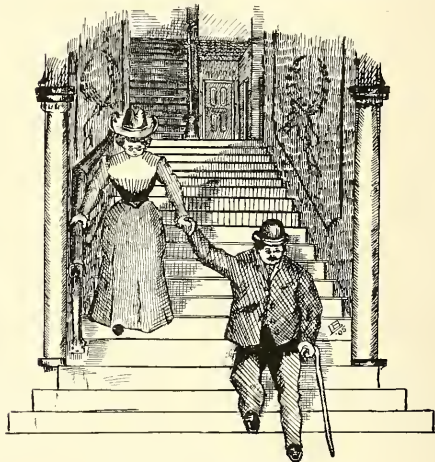
Young Lady—"Why, Mr. Clough, what beautiful curly hair you have!"

Clough—"Oh, thank you; I am glad you like it."

Young Miss (examining it more closely)—"But how on earth did you scorch it so?"

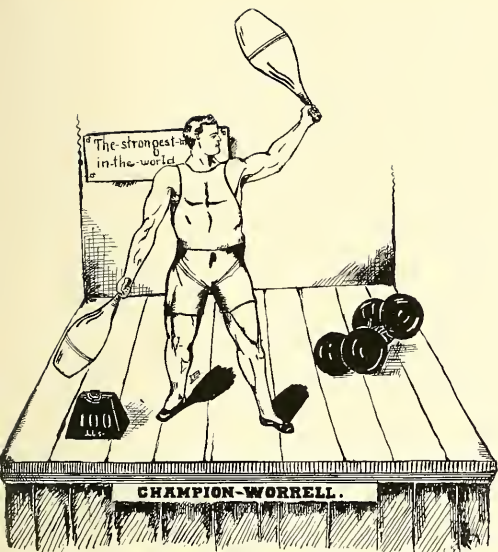
Clough—"I got the tongs a little too hot the other morning!"

Davidson's anticipations are of the fairest for he, according to present rumors, will place on the market a new device in the way of an automatic mallet.



O'NEILL TAKING OFF THE JUNIOR "MASCOT."

It is a fact that men can evolve great truths even while hoeing small potatoes.



Some musicians dispense music by the measure, but the drummer works it off by the pound.

We shall soon have to secure another "Water Boy" as Vitou is about to enter into another line of business, namely, that of writing a book on the "History of an Atom of Carbon." We wish him the greatest of success in his new undertaking.

GREEN.

A green little boy, in his green little way,
Had a very bad habit of too much to say;
So nurse said to Edwin, "See, here is a toy—
"Go back to the nursery like a good little boy."

From out of the wild and woolly West,
Came William Thompson Sims.
Oh, he was a lad to win your heart
When once you glanced at him,
He moved upon McCulloh Street,
But he did not like his home;
So he packed his trunk at early dawn
And forthwith he did roam.

Dr. W. F. Smith—"What is attached to the crucial ridges (on the cerebral surface of the occipital bone)?"

Freshman—"Muscles and nerve ligaments."

Dr. W. F. Smith—"By your answer you certainly must have some nerve."

Dr. W. F. Smith—"What is the ligamentum nuchæ?"

Freshman—"A muscle."

Dr. Smith—"No, it is a ligament."

Scene—Outside of Spring Grove Asylum. Time, 1902.

Egy—"You have stolen Helen from me. Don't lie, you know you have. Oh! woe is me! Oh! woe is me! I shall have your heart's blood cost what it may—in counterfeit money."

Deichy—"Calm yourself, Egy. Calm yourself, and listen to reason. Let me explain. I did not steal her from you. 'Twas my noble front that won her. She could not resist my winning ways and she came to me of her own accord. Allah! she is mine."

Egy—"Enough! Enough! I shall hearken to none of your lies. I challenge you to mortal combat."

Note by Editor.—When last seen the two Beau Brummels of Spring Grove were locked in the death struggle. Egy was holding Deichy by the cheek with a pair of rubber dam forceps and with the aid of a spoon excavator was gouging out poor Deichy's heart. Deichy had secured a monthful of Egy's neck and from the appearance of his face we judge he was troubled with a bad taste. As a result, neither one of the combatants will live more than a hundred years.

Where was Love when Cupp answered for him?

A note received by Dr. Foster at lecture read as follows:

"DR. FOSTER.—As I have just been married I would like to say a few words to the class.

"H. DELLINGER."

German—"Doctor, how do you spell tutty?"

Dr. F.—"T-u-t-t-y."

German—"I mean the chemical name."

Dr. F.—"In the usual way."



Dot poy stood on der burning deck,
Der goat stood on der hill;
Der poy vhas named James A. Denike,
Der goat vhas only Bill.

"Bones," at the Auditorium shortly after the election of the Junior Class officers—"Waiter, bring me something to sober me up," emphasis on the "sober."

Waiter brings him another bottle of beer.

WANTED—A Chair of Courtship and Matrimony at
B. C. D. S. "MASCOT."



Dr. B. Holly Smith's Lecture:

Dr. B. Holly—"How many roots has upper six-year molar?"

German—"Three."

Dr. B. Holly—"How are they situated?"

German—"One inside, and two outside."

Dr. B. Holly—"If you don't look out you will have all the inside outside!"

The Freshman likes his native wine,

The Junior likes his beer,

The Senior likes his half-and-half

Because it brings good cheer.

The Demonstrator likes his whiskey straight

Because it brings on dizziness.

The Faculty have no choice at all

But drink the whole d—— business.

STUDENT.

W. A. Davison.—It is feared that the S. S. White Company will soon have to go out of business on account of the invention and manufacture of many more up-to-date instruments, which are soon to be placed before the public by the inventor and manufacturer, W. A. Davison. Mr. Davison's automatic mallet is certainly a "wonder." He denies that the handle is made from four-inch stove-pipe.

Dolls are made for girls to play with not for men to marry.

A Senior prayer:

Now I lay me down to rest,
To study hard I've done my best;
If I should die before I wake—
Why, then, I'd have no exams. to take.

Mr. Cecil has decided to give up dentistry and hire himself out as ballast for ocean liners.

Hess, the wise little boy from Onger,
Who wishes to grow wiser and stronger,
With his book in his arm
He means you no harm.

All he wants is to study longer and longer.

As Senior Hess was sleeping away a weary hour he was awakened by hearing an explosion and on careful investigation he found his vulcanizer had blown up but no one injured.

Clarke Bros. regret very much that Seniors Hatch and Stoner are about to leave us; although it is hoped that the free vaudeville will be continued notwithstanding their absence during the coming season.

Mr. Mabie at Dr. Hoffmeister's lecture:

Dr. H.—"Mr. Mabie, this is gum arabic, is it not?"

Mr. M.—"No, Doctor. It is gum acacia!"

Dr. H.—"Oh well, that is the same thing."

Arcand strolled into Gordon's, the other evening, and asked for a lobster. The waiter placed a mirror on the table.

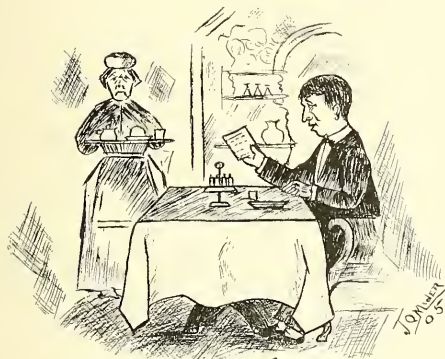


It has been recently proven that someone else loves Love by his late move at holiday times when he took to himself a wife and so doing made two young hearts happy. Best wishes for a happy and prosperous future are all we can extend to Mr. and Mrs. Love.

L. C. Hess.

Hess sat dreaming in the Plaster Room,
He thought he heard the Angel Gabriel blow;
The vulcanizer broke,
Hess suddenly awoke
And thought for sure he'd landed "down below!"

Why does everyone want to kiss Block when he enters the Lecture Hall.



"Arcana" - (WANT TEA SOUP PLEASE?)



There is a man from our town
Who is so wondrous wise,
For at old maids and widows
He makes those goo-goo eyes;
But if you really doubt me,
And do not think it's so,
Just ask the boys at College
And they'll tell you it's "Monroe."

Something we cannot explain: What gave Vitou the neuralgia?

Oh tell us, "Pretty Hatchie," are there any more at home like you?

Ask Hoffman if blacking improves the complexion.

"Blondy" has quit "Boning." We hear from good authority that he struck a "gusher."

Would Dr. Simon kindly explain why plaster and water had such an affinity for the Freshmen during the Class Rush.

Dr. Finney has promised to clinic on "How to jolly them along."

Any man that can't spell or pronounce "Esophagus" after hearing the Dean's lecture should go way back and sit down.

The bald-headed man may console himself with the thought that he is a coming out on top. Which may be termed a bare statement of facts. Is that not correct, Tretheway?

Time like a mule should be grasped by the forelock.

If at first you don't succeed try another *brand*.

My DEAR SWEET EDITOR.—I am only sixty years of age, but I have taken up dentistry as I think it best to graduate in youth. I dislike work, however, and would ask how I might go through college without working.

B. ORN TIRED.

Let the Gold Dust Twins do your work, or better still, consult Stoner and ask him how he does.

Freshman Pickle—One of Heinz's varieties.



BERCIER, '05.



— Clark's 85 During Lectures —

Cummins will appear on the Vaudeville Stage next year as "Paderwiski the Second." Everyone says his touch is superb. His rendition of — is simply divine, and all the ladies sigh to hear him, and even the children cry for him—and Castoria.

A lady inquired in the Infirmary the other day for Dr. Gilt-Edge. After much questioning Dr. Foster learned that she wished to see Golding.

The Board of Commissioners have met and awarded first prize to J. Claud Sharpe as champion pie-eater of the B. C. D. S. The National Biscuit Company will miss him greatly when he departs for his home in Canada.

Robillard says he wishes it distinctly understood that he is down here to study and not with matrimonial intentions.

Freshie Leonard, we believe, gets quite smart with our Demonstrator in soap carving. He evidently thinks he is the whole ocean because he has a "wave" in his hair, wears high standing collar, kid-gloves and white vest.

We believe that Junior Allen would be a great help to the Debating Club if he can talk about other things as he can about Gutta Percha for sensitive dentine. Would he *show up*, do you think?



Will some one kindly tell us why dear "Eddie" stopped on the bridge when out with "Society" last fall.

Rue says the photograph business isn't what it used to be. We feel for you friend Rue and long for the "palmy" days once more.



LOVE AND THE PICTURES.

Dr. W. F. Smith at quiz:

Dr. Smith:—"Mr. Jessop, please trace the line of the external carotid artery on your neck, or some one with a lower collar, if you please."

Dr. Vitou should not mistake his patient's hand for a cuspidor.

Jackson's girl—"Jackson is hateful; he tried to kiss me last night."

Her sister—"Gracious! What did you do?"

Jackson's girl—"I screamed: 'Don't stop!' The slow thing he didn't take the hint and stopped."

Dr. B. Holly Smith—"Mr. Davidson?"

Davidson—"Here, Doctor."

Dr. B. H. Smith—"What food would you give to a child under ten months' old?"

Davidson—"Oatmeal and hominy."

Dr. Smith—"I ought not to ask that, as he's so young; when he gets married he'll know different."

FOR SALE—A safe to keep Vitou's instruments from being lost. Terms cheap.

Queen—"I am a young woman with an ambition to shine. What would you recommend?"

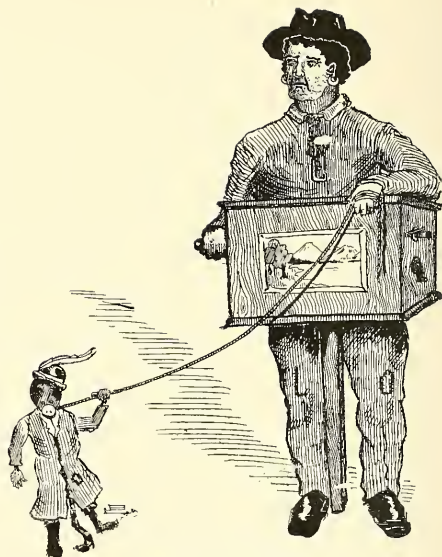
Dunn—"Sapolio."

Pineo, the wise, fresh Freshman, who thinks he knows so much, but the man that says he knows so much is generally the man who knows but little. This said smart Freshman has much to learn before he can in any way practice *medicine*.

Mr. Geo. Loewe who was about to make his specimens inquired of Dr. Wohna what materials he should get. The Doctor told him he would need some copper, brass, german-silver wire and some silver solder. Loewe straightway started for a dental depot, and soon afterward the college telephone rang and inquiry was made for Dr. Wohna. It was Loewe and he informed the Doctor that he hadn't told him what carat of silver solder to get. Dr. Wohner replied that he should get No. 26 carat and if he couldn't get it at Deeley's to try until he got it. Loewe after trying all the dental depots at last went to Newhouse's, but without success, so was forced to return to College without it. And then he wondered why Dr. Wohna laughed.



SHEA IN TEN YEARS.



JESSOP AT HIS OLD WORK.

WANTED.—To find some means of keeping Mississippi Green quiet.

During the summer of '02 as the heat of "Old Sol" was almost unbearable to the people of the State of Louisiana, our worthy Junior Bordelon was enjoying a most delightfully cool time at the seashore in the company of a charming young lady friend. Doesn't he look well in golf trousers?

Why does Love wear such tight trousers?

John Julius Keator, a Freshman from the wilds of New York, on happening into the kitchen of his boarding house while the wash wringer was in operation, made the following remark: "Why, is that what you use that for? I thought it was to roll pie crusts."

Which does Neiley look the best with, that misplaced eyebrow or without?



BORDELON AT THE SEASHORE.

Lost—An upper left lateral, finder please return same to Senior Arcand, as he is greatly in need of it on his bridge.

Where is that eye-glass of Block's.

Had our present President known of our Senior Mr. Emeis he (Emeis) might have had a government position at the present. For he would have made a grand hit as a rough-rider, being such an expert in bare-back riding.

G. F. G.

To the Senior Class "for the Cartoon."

When good old spring time does appear

And we at last have won,

Who'll be the brightest, happiest man?

Why to be sure it's Dunn.

G. F. G.

A lady patient came to our worthy Senior, E. W. Green in the impression room, having a broken plate he had just made in her hand. She said it was very funny hers should break so easily when a friend of hers had a plate she could eat anything with.

Mr. Green replied: "Oh no, lady; she cannot eat pea-nut candy," he then turned and went his way as happy as ever, softly humming his very latest success, entitled "There are eyes of blue and brown eyes, too."



BLOCK AT HOME.

Our worthy Senior, C. E. Foster, seems to be of the opinion that the fair sex of Baltimore have very winning ways, and some of them may even be called beautiful. Facts being that he thinks it very proper for him to take one back to his dear old Missouri home. We all join in extending our congratulations and hope he may have a bright and prosperous future.

The world is full of men who can make an egg stand
on end as well as Columbus.

Froggie Naylor at B. H.'s Lecture.

I.

Imagine a man on a four-legged stool,
As he sits there a-breaking the golden rule;
Dr. B. Holly talks, but alas and alack,
Naylor's in dreamland near breaking his back.

II.

Every once in a while he wakes up with a jump,
As though some one had given him a kind little bump,
Then again he goes into dreamland so slow
He never wakes up till most off his stool he does go.

III.

Now, Froggie, why is it at home you won't stay,
But always continue to walk night and day?
You know you can't stand it, soon you will be worse,
Then you'll appear as though you fell from a hearse.

IV.

Please listen now for I've something to say:
Never sleep at lecture, for it's no good way.
Take my advice, I believe it real true,
I learn more when awake, don't you?

G. F. G.

A smart man in the Junior Class
Thinks he's so awfully wise;
He the Seniors does surpass
With his most haughty guise.

He is quite smart we will confess,
But something to learn has he;
For carbolic acid is not the best
To syringe out the mouth, you see.

Now this young man plays a guitar quite well,
Dr. Foster says, you know.
I guess you all ere now can tell
That the person I mean is "Loewe."

G. F. G.

Garrett's patient was so overcome with delight at
the idea of having him operate in her dainty little
china-closet that—she fainted.

ROOMS TO LET.

A bright and pleasant room first story in the base-
ment, heated by cold air, and lighted by darkness.
Price, \$35.00 a week.

186345 Skyscraper Street.

It is one of the wonders of the year that some of the
Freshmen haven't inquired at the Post Office for stu-
dents' rates on letters.

DEAR OLD ED.—I intend going into the business of manufacturing Nitrous Oxide or Laughing Gas, and desire a little information as to the best way of selling it to the public. If you will help me I will take you out to the park and let you look at the fish.

Sincerely,

AL. WAYS SMILING.

We would advise your putting up the Laughing Gas in bottles of different sizes, with prices ranging accordingly, thusly: A ten-cent size, guaranteed to contain a cheerful smile; a twenty-five-cent size, guaranteed to contain one good laugh; a fifty-cent size, guaranteed to contain one good long hearty laugh.

You might also get some of your friends to write testimonials for you. Something like the following:

DEAR DOCTOR.—I have taken three bottles of your Laughing Gas (ten-cent size) and feel so cheerful I could give three cheers.

SUNNY JIM.

DEAR DOC.—I suffered horribly with the "blues," but on taking five bottles of your Laughing Gas the "blue devils" were driven clear to Hell-ena, Montana.

A. GRIN.

DEAR DOC, OLD BOY.—Your Gas, or is it hot air, is a wonder. I took five bottles, fifty-cent size, and immediately went into laughing hysterics. I laughed so that I strained the muscles of my mouth and my



KILBOURNE STARTING ON HIS XMAS VACATION.

mouth is so large now that when you look for my face only a hole can be seen. But I am so happy.

A. SUNNY LOOK.

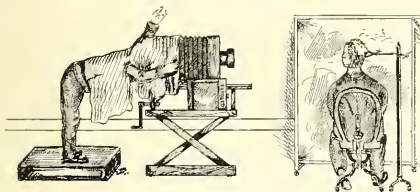
A few letters like the above might help you greatly. We hope this may prove of some help to you.

Never mind about taking us to the park to see the fish, we must decline with thanks. Whenever we see the gold fish in the ponds there is a sad feeling steals over us and we are reminded of that old proverb that "All is not gold that glistens."

A fine two-story house to rent, nineteen well lighted rooms, all empty except those used by eighteen people each occupying one room apiece. Price to suit.

Apply on fifteenth floor at the left door past the right in the B. C. D. S. new college building.

Corner of Green and Pink Streets.



JUNIOR ALLEN POSING FOR HIS PICTURE.

PHOTOGRAPHER—Now, ready, Doctor.

ALLEN—How is my tie?

P.—It's all right.

ALLEN—How is my coat, my hair, my mustache?

P.—Yes, yes, damn it! There're all right.

ALLEN—How's my shirt; does my stud show?

P.—Yes. For God's sake keep still.

A Freshman in our College has at last grown wise for he no longer notices Hatch's goo-goo eyes.

Let us hope our friend Kilbourne will make better use of his time in the future and not spend so much of it making calls on the Woodberry girls.

A suite of rooms on first floor about the eight; horse cars direct to the door; heated by the paper on the wall and lighted by fire-flies. This suite of rooms is furnished in first class style aside from furniture and wall fixtures. Price \$83.49 a month.

94876 Hogan's Alley.

Junior Vermillion, beautiful Vermillion is a strong believer in the use of "Herbs of Life" and "Oil of Joy."

We understand that W. A. Ribble is now getting used to city life and electric cars. In former years he used to be so badly frightened he would take off his clothes and run, but now he stands his ground like an old soldier.

Gentlemen, I kindly ask you not to interrupt our handsome Freshman Masters on Tuesdays and Fridays, as he is generally very busy conversing with Miss Bosley. Hours from 10-12 daily, except Sunday. He has done Dunn.

It is generally conceded that Junior Golding has fallen deeply in love with Lulu Glaser.

Why do some of Denike's friends call him Mr. Eckels?

Some Senior Characteristics and Statistics.

	KNOWN AS	STRONG POINT.	FAILING.	AMUSEMENT.	DESTINY.
ARCAND	"Pea soup."	Gas.	To grow old.	Laughing.	Grass widower.
ARMACOST	"Egypt."	Landladies.	Athletics.	Going to his tailor's.	Masher.
AVERILL	"Reddy."	Hair.	To stay at home.	Writing love letters.	Matrimony.
BAILEY	"I reckon."	None.	To get up.	Sleeping.	Ask him.
BLOCK	"Denmark."	Aluminum plates.	To make them fit.	Strutting.	Old sport.
CARR	"Smart Geo."	Banjo.	Profanity.	Looking wise.	Music instructor.
CECIL	"Blondy."	Avoirdupois.	Too slow.	"Burying Scotch."	Spieler.
CLARK	"Jelly."	Gab	Making calls.	Soldering plates.	Race track follower.
CUPP	"Windy."	Hand mallet.	Very few.	Blowing out lights.	Fitting crowns.
DUNN	"Jamaica."	Voice.	We refrain.	Drawing.	Barber.
ELLIOTT	"Jimmy."	Appetite.	Shooting snipes.	Working.	High ball slinger.
GIBSON	"Curly."	Cigarettes.	Himself.	Dice.	Fakir.
GREEN, E. W.	"Eddie."	Jollyng.	To go to bed.	Flirting.	Driving Texas steers.
HATCH	"Stiff Neck."	Bluffing.	To pay board.	Shooting pool.	A Mormon elder.
HESS	"Texas Jack."	Baking.	To talk.	Looking on.	Baker.
JESSOP	"Polly."	None.	Brains.	Laughing.	Organ-grinder.
MANSBACH	"Ikie."	Nose.	Full of them.	Giving advice.	Country dentist.
MORRISON	"Tommy."	Nerve.	Cigarettes.	Telling stories.	Bell boy.
O'NEILL	"Willie."	Gold fillings.	Ask Rice.	Smoking.	Bachelor.
PLETCHER	"John Jacob."	Dancing.	Women.	Ask him.	Traveling dentist.
NAVLOE	"Froggie."	Impressions.	Fruit.	Hunting.	Cock fighter.
SHOE	"Handsone."	Pipe.	The looking glass.	Bowling.	Broken down sport.
SMITH, F. S.	"Long Smith."	His length.	To get fat.	Talking.	Advertising dentist.
SOULE	"Nat."	Boxing.	To say anything.	Going to Washington.	Horse jockey.
STONER	"Rummy."	In acting.	Don't dare say.	Studying.	Telegraph operator.
VITOU	"Water Boy."	Fingers.	Blowing.	Telling his adventures.	Blacksmith.

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RICE'S LABORATORY AT HOME, 2 A. M.
WHERE IS O'NEILL? MERCURY AT $+400^{\circ}$ F.

A Halloween Adventure.



SAY, to-night is halloween. What can we do for a little amusement? I can't study with all this racket of horns and bells around." The above remark was made by my room-mate about 8 p. m. on halloween, after a vain attempt at studying, and was followed by: "Let us go around and see our old friend Norris." Accordingly we at once started for the room of our old chum, where we arrived without mishap, although the street was as lively as the small boy and big horn could make it.

We found Norris deeply interested in the study of anatomy, but soon had him in the midst of one of his war-dances (you know how gracefully he can dance). This performance over, he suggested that some refreshments would not be amiss, and at once proceeded to carry out his idea. As the sound of his footsteps indicated that he had arrived safely at the ground floor, and I was just about to investigate the contents of some fruit jars that I observed through an opening in a curtain, I was startled by the cries of "Police! Murder!" followed by the sound of someone rushing up the stairs, four steps at a jump, and a ghostly apparition burst into the room. It was a horrible sight to behold, and I was just about to jump from the third story window, when happening to glance at the feet, I recognized the form of those that once sported the

patent leathers, and so knew that it was only Norris. He was badly frightened and looked much as the Freshmen did after the Class Rush. As I was trying to analyze the substance with which he was covered, he exclaimed: "Take all of my valuables, but please spare me my life and my sweetheart's picture!" I assured him that I was no robber and tried to find out what had happened. Finally I managed to get an idea of what he thought had taken place, which according to his story was that just as he opened the street door he was confronted by twenty masked men, and as their leader demanded his money, the others had sand-bagged him and were just about to rifle his pockets when the appearance of a policeman put them to flight.

Thinking this to be a good time to give our friend some good advice, I explained how a patient that I once saw had had symptoms similar to those he had just experienced, and later developed a bad case of d—m tr—s, and was cautioning him not to smoke such strong cigars, etc., when a chorus of feminine laughter from the hall told that the joke was out, and Norris began to realize that the laugh was on him. Later we learned that he had been met at the door by three of the fair sex who had a slight grudge against him, and they had paid the debt by almost smothering him with flour.

Moral:—Never listen at keyholes.

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A SENIOR DREAM.

To Our Business Manager.



I.

Here's to our Business Manager,
Who one day ran away,
And thought he would get married
On a bright November day.

II.

He went to Philadelphia
To see the football game
Between our Army and Navy boys.
But he also played a game

III.

On his college friends and relatives
And relatives to be,
For he took along a lady friend
And got married, don't you see!

IV.

The business matters of the ANNUAL
We entrusted to his care;
He's the proper man in the proper place,
That's why we put him there.

V.

And now it is surely plain to all
That Harry is far from slow;
Not only in managing business matters
But in managing other things, too.

VI.

So here's to the health of Harry,
And here's to his future life,
Here's to his best possession—
His sweetheart, friend and wife.

H. R. B., '04

A detailed black and white charcoal or pencil portrait of a woman. She has a large, ornate hairstyle with a high bun and thick, dark hair. Her face is oval-shaped with large, expressive eyes, a straight nose, and full lips. She is wearing a dark, high-collared garment. The drawing is signed 'A. B. S. and' at the bottom center. In the top right corner, the word 'DENTAL' is partially visible.

—A B. & S. & Co.

Married Men's Club.



T. R. MANAKEE,		<i>Chief Adviser.</i>
L. RINSLAND,		<i>Most Worthy Counselor.</i>
J. L. RICE,		<i>Grand Counselor.</i>
B. H. KEELER,		<i>Chief Examiner of Candidates.</i>
GEORGE CARR,		<i>Demonstrator in Movements of the Tongue.</i>
G. W. DEMING,		<i>Instructor of Infants.</i>
T. ROBERTSON,		<i>Treasurer.</i>

Lookout Committee.

G. P. Payzant.

F. J. Barclay.

Initiating Team.

G. W. La Liberte.

Alford Pobirsky.

Newly Initiated Members.

D. A. Davison.

C. F. Kidder.

C. E. Foster.

H. W. Dellinger.

G. R. Love.

P. B. Davis.

A. F. Cupp.

Any information as regards to becoming a member of this Order will be gladly given by the Chief Adviser.
When writing always inclose stamp for reply.

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"MUSIC HATH CHARMS TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEASTS."
APOLOGIES TO DIRECTOR CARR.

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MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

Mandolin and Guitar Club.

Officers.

DR. W. G. FOSTER	<i>Manager.</i>
GEO. CARR	<i>Director.</i>
J. HARRY JESSOP	<i>Secy.-Treas.</i>



Members.

GEORGE CARR <i>Director.</i>	
E. C. Gernhard <i>Mandolin.</i>	G. W. Loewe <i>Guitar.</i>
J. Harry Jessop <i>Mandola.</i>	D. A. Davison <i>Guitar.</i>
M. S. Wise <i>Mandolin.</i>	T. H. Mitchell <i>Guitar.</i>
J. Fred Worrell <i>Violin.</i>	C. P. Moore <i>Flute.</i>
Albert Pobirsky <i>Violin.</i>	Lewis Rinsland <i>Banjo.</i>

Mandolin and Guitar Club.

THE Mandolin and Guitar Club has been for several years a very important factor in our College life. Under the able management of Dr. W. G. Foster it has achieved marked success. It has been fortunate in obtaining men of no little ability and experience as directors. Although it loses each year some of its members by the completion of their course, still in each new class are found men qualified to fill the positions vacated by those who have, during their college career, won laurels for themselves and for their *Alma Mater*.

This year has been no less propitious for the Club. It is the second year for Mr. Carr as Director, and he has shown himself to be an efficient and capable leader. For about eleven years he devoted himself exclusively to his profession as instructor of the banjo, mandolin and guitar, also appearing as banjo soloist in all the leading cities of the East. Mr. Carr is widely known in the musical world, having contributed articles to all the best banjo, mandolin and guitar journals of America and Europe. The fact that he was chosen one of the five in the United States to adjudicate at the grand banjo, mandolin and guitar concert and competition given in the American Academy of Music at Philadelphia, Pa., shows in how high esteem Mr. Carr's knowledge of music is held.

Mr. Jessop has had considerable experience in music, having been connected with two bands at Shickshinny, and also with Raleigh's Band of Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Besides playing in the College Club he is a member of one of the best orchestras of the city.

Mr. Loewe's experience as a guitar player is quite extensive, he having been a member of the Bruno, Jolly Four, Washburn and University of Maryland Mandolin and Guitar Clubs.

Mr. Mitchell was for some years connected with the Columbia Mandolin and Guitar Club of Portland, Me.

Mr. Davison was a member of the Richmond Mandolin and Guitar Club, of Virginia.

Mr. Worrell was for some years leader of the Olympic Orchestra of St. Andrew's, New Brunswick, and was afterwards connected with the City Orchestra of Edmundston, New Brunswick.

Mr. Lewis Rinsland was a member of Carr's Banjo Club, of Scranton, Pa.

Mr. Pobirsky was a recognized leader in musical circles in Goltz, Russia.

Mr. Weiss was connected with a first-class orchestra in Vienna, Austria.

Mr. Moore and Mr. Gernhard each had considerable experience in music before coming to College.

With such men as these as members the Club cannot but be successful.

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William Thomas Donnelly

Born June 12, 1880

Died November 10, 1902

Raymond Garfield Clark

Born September 16, 1882

Died April 12, 1902

Charles David Logan

Born October 14, 1871

Died September 26, 1902



Y. M. C. A.

Officers.

E. N. EDDY		<i>President.</i>
C. L. THOMPSON		<i>Vice-President.</i>
A. D. GOLDING		<i>Secretary.</i>
H. L. AVERILL		<i>Treasurer.</i>



Members.

E. N. Eddy,	I. R. Self,	H. R. Bristol,	J. J. Keates,
H. L. Averill,	A. J. West,	T. L. Smith,	J. F. Worrell,
Thos. Tunney,	C. L. Thompson,	H. J. Kramer,	W. C. McLeod,
H. Koehler,	C. E. Foster,	D. W. Pineo,	V. K. Yaconbyan,
J. A. Bishop,	C. P. Norris,	A. D. Golding,	I. L. Mansbach,
C. J. Moore,	H. B. Small,	J. W. Pletcher,	H. Way.

Our Y. M. C. A.



OWING to the fact that our Association has as yet no house of its own, which might furnish a reading room for the members and afford a suitable place for the Bible class and other meetings, the progress this year has not been all that we might desire. However, we are pleased to notice such a large increase in membership over former years, which surely indicates that our organization is awakening a deeper interest from year to year on the part of the students.

The receptions given at the beginning of the year by the Central Association, and by Dr. Kelly, at which we met the members of the other college branches of

the city, were largely attended and much appreciated, especially the latter where we had the pleasure of inspecting Dr. Kelly's library, perhaps one of the finest private libraries in the world.

We trust that our Association may grow year by year, not only in numbers, but in activity, and ultimately establish for itself such a definite place in the student life, that we may feel its influence, not only while we are students, but throughout our future life. May we be able, when we have performed some duty particularly well, to attribute the result in some measure to the thoughts impressed upon our minds, mayhap by a fellow-student in our College Y. M. C. A.

Names Misinterpreted.



I.

Smith came into the Hall one day in May,
His color was either Brown or Vermillion.
A Mann was his guest who looked like a German,
Though Mabie that is only a Guy.

II.

He came in by Way of the West door,
But had to look Sharp as well as Wise;
For the Masters had spun a Loewe Webb,
Which was neither Small nor of great Hite.

V.

Some Rice that was Green
And that had never been seen
By the Mann who lectures on—
Why gold we should Love to O'Neill.

H. R. B., '04.

III.

At his dinner he had for his guests,
Besides his own Soule and Self,
A Minor, a Sailor, and a namesake of Tracy,
Who once roamed the Parks of the wild West.

IV.

His Porter came in and Lay on the table,
Which was a Block made out of Smallwood,
A piece of a Lamb, that never was Dunn.
And an egg which was ready to Hatch.

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DEBATING CLUB.

The B. C. D. S. Debating Club.

Officers.

First Term.

W. A. MABIE, *President.*

T. F. PARKS, *Secretary.*

WM. TRETHEWAY, *Vice-President.*

C. L. THOMPSON, *Treasurer.*

B. F. ALLEN, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

H. L. AVERILL, }
G. H. ALFORD, } *Standing Committee.*

Second Term.

T. F. PARKS, *President.*

C. P. NORRIS, *Secretary.*

D. F. BURKE, *Vice-President.*

D. C. FINNEGAN, *Treasurer.*

J. F. WORRELL, *Sergeant-at-Arms.*

G. O'BRINE, }
R. W. WEBB, } *Standing Committee.*

The B. C. D. S. Debating Club.

THIS is the second year for this organization which was instituted last year by the Class of Nineteen Three. That such a club, whose usefulness is now so apparent to most of the students of our College, had not been thought of in former years, is a matter occasioning some surprise. At any rate the Naughty Threes have the honor and to them is due the credit of having organized the first association of this nature the B. C. D. S. has ever known, and of having carried it almost entirely without the assistance of the other classes in attendance last year, through the first year of its existence.

There has been considerable change in the membership this year, some of the old members having dropped out, but many new ones have come in to take their places. All of the classes are represented, and the Seniors, although their time is more limited than that of the other classes, have nevertheless kept up a warm

interest in our club, and have endeavored to maintain for it the reputation which it has established for itself, and which it deserves.

If we should attempt to discuss the benefits of a debating club in a Dental College, much more space would be required than is allotted to this short sketch. But if it increases one's knowledge of grammar, enlarges one's mind and teaches in one the power to think and think quickly, if it gives one confidence in oneself not only in public speaking, but in appearing before an audience under other circumstances, if it gives one a considerable insight into parliamentary law, increases one's general education by the discussion of such a variety of questions, and has a tendency to develop in one the traits which form the character of a true gentleman, surely our Debating Club has not been organized in vain.

BOWLING CLUB.

Clarke—

The B. C. Team.

DELLINGER,
GERMAN,
McCULLOM,
GUY,
BLACKMORE.

The D. S. Team.

ARCAND,
EMEIS,
GREEN,
BERCIER,
PLETCHER.

The year 1902-03 has seen open a new field for athletics in our College. The waves of enthusiasm which have swept the country could not fail to arouse our boys to great deeds in the art of rolling the ball.

Clubs have sprung up on every side. Of the numerous ones only two will find place in this brief sketch. To narrate all that has happened in the various encounters between these two most valorous champions, whose names will be remembered by all Baltimoreans as long as the balls roll on the alley, is a task which we care not to undertake.

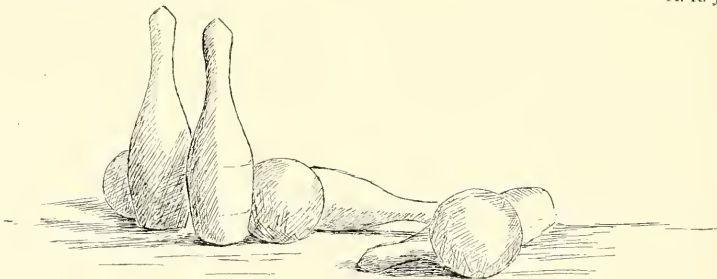
One night will always be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be present at the contest for the duck pin championship between the B. C. and the D. S. Clubs. The match took place at the Diamond, and was scheduled for December 5, at 8.30 P. M.

At eight o'clock the contestants began to arrive. First to appear on the scene was Harry, the star bowler of the B. C. With his quiet manner and pleasant smile he removes his coat, inspects the alley and turns to greet German and McCullom. The loud tone of German's voice as he clasps Harry's hand sounds like a trumpet leading the soldiers to victory. The joyous exclamation and happy laughter of McCullom seem the forerunners of success. Before the noise had subsided, in strolled a silent figure. In his demure manner, steady and elastic step we recognize the one whom his opponents fear the most in the coming encounter, Emeis, the champion bowler of the B. C. D. S. At the same moment our attention was attracted by a great noise at the door and in rushed the swinging form of Green. With many gesticulations and shrieks he makes his way through the crowd followed by the hilarious Arcand and youthful, baby-like Bercier. The arrival of the trio was received with cheers and many handshakes. So intense was the uproar that we failed to notice the arrival of Pletcher, who seemed to be more at home around a ping-pong table than on a bowling alley.

After waiting, waiting, waiting, until the time for the contest to begin had past, in strolled the two last contestants, Guy and Blackmore, with long, drawn faces, sunken eyes, and trembling knees, showing that all their courage had disappeared with the approach of the battle.

As all were on hand preparations for the fray began. Off went coats, collars, ties, cuffs and vests. German rolled up his sleeves, showing his muscular and tortuous arm. Emeis cleansed the score board. Dellinger sponged his finger-tips. McCullom rubbed his legs and Arcand called for a pitcher of ice-water.

Pletcher was the first to open the game. Forgetting the difference between his usual ping-pong ball and the present one, the propelling form which he applied was not sufficient for it to reach the pins. Score 0.



Eagerly advanced German. Taking a very accurate aim, off went the ball with an astonishing result of one pin down. Amid laughter, he seizes another ball and after carefully rubbing his feet on chalk, the ball shot forward with the force of a cannon ball, to—the gutter. His last ball, aimed with the same precision, could do no better than follow the course of the first. Score 1.

Seeing the great advantage obtained by the opponents, Emeis steps forward with a tenpin ball. Noting his murderous intention an immense clamor arose and every one was on his feet. A scene indescribable followed. The manager of the alley, with his numerous assistants, being unable to restore order, sent for the fire department, and thus the championship was settled.

A. R. J. A.

The B. C. D. S. Alphabet.

A's for Allen, a Senior so bright,
That when it gets dark he doesn't need light.

B's for Block, our best fashion plate,
For he studies the fashions both early and late.

C's for Condon, so stately and tall,
The girls call him Pappy and that is not all.

D's for Dunning, him we can't miss,
When he bids girls good night he asks for a kiss.

E's for Eddy, from the good Keystone State.
He's a mighty good boy for he's never out late.

F's for Fernandez, from a far sunny land,
Where he serenades his lady love with guitar in hand.

G's for Gibson, a strawberry blonde,
But the girls think he's lovely and of him they're fond.

H's for Hatch, who never could lie,
Rather than do so, he says he would die.

I's for I, who am writing this verse.
I hope it gets better, but I'm afraid it gets worse.

J's for Jackson, of immortal fame,
But he really can't help it, so who is to blame.

K's for Koehler, of quick corn-cure fame,
Buy a box for ten cents and you'll never be lame.

L's for Love, Cupid's fond friend,
Who always begins well, but how does he end?

be

M's for Monroe, who should stop and consider
Which one he will take, the maid or the "wider."

N's for Norris, of evening dress fame,
But he's a winner, no doubt, just the same.

O's for O'Neill, with his lovely mustache.
The dye came from Quandt's, he paid for it cash.

P's for Parks, a hard name to rhyme,
But he's all right "In the good, summer time."

R's for Robillard, d'Argy's room-mate,
But, gee, you should see them when they go out to skate.

S's for Soule, who'll soon leave our city,
And who can we find half so bright and witty?

T's for Thompson, which one, can you guess?
When he graduates there will be just one less.

U's for You, who are not on the list,
But it doesn't matter much, you'll never be missed.

V's for Vermillion, a beautiful red,
Not unlike the color of Alan Cecil's head.

W's for Watson, who thinks a lot of Cupp.
He puts it down quite often, and as often takes it up.

X, Y and Z I'm afraid came too late,
But each one will help to cheer the boys who graduate.

H.

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THE B. C. D. S. QUINTET.

Have you heard them?
Tickets on sale at Clark's.

Correspondence.



MY OWN DEAR ED:

I have a patient who has been to my office forty times, more or less, probably more, for me to extract a tooth. The tooth is a refractory one (I'll bet you don't know what that means, Ed, old boy) and I've tried every method I can think of. Even made use of the screw, pulley, inclined plane and lever, all to no purpose. Help me in this matter and the next time I meet you we'll "set 'em up to peanuts."

Yours truly,

DR. PULLAND PUSH.

As you say, you have tried nearly all known methods. There is one, however, that you overlooked, and we are sure it will prove efficient in this case. When your patient next visits your office, talk to him kindly and not like as if he owed you money. Lead him gently to the chair and quietly tie him in it (a three-inch cable, steel preferred, answers very well and will probably hold him for awhile). As you are tying him deftly go through his pockets and secure any loose change that may be there and not working, also freeze on to his "ticker" if he has one.

After he is securely tied so breathing is impossible, place a few ounces of nitro-glycerine in the cavity of

the tooth; should there be no cavity, make one. If you haven't enough nitro-glycerine, a few hunks of dynamite will help greatly. Now ask your patient to open his "dining-room," place yourself directly in front of him and, with a ten-pound sledge hammer, strike directly in the center of tooth and watch the result—if you can.

P. S.—Be kind and gentle always, and be sure to collect your fee before the operation takes place as the patient may be a little upset and angry afterwards.

ED.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I would be greatly obliged to you for your advice on an all-important subject. Tell me, and tell me not in mournful numbers, how I can prepare for examinations without studying.

Yours sincerely,

B. OVERSTUDIOUS.

There are several methods by which you may fit yourself for the annual tussle with the "Profs." and we will mention a few and you may choose which suits your taste.

Some say that to eat a cake or two of Sapolio will brighten the mind and tone up the system generally. Others advocate carrying a text-book of the subject on which you are to be examined under the arm and allowing the knowledge contained therein in the book—not the arm—to be absorbed by the lymphatic glands. The knowledge thus obtained may be given off at the will of the person, provided he has control of the lymphatic glands.

The best method, however, is to eat a quiz compend, and when it is properly digested you will be able to pass any exam., and you will make at least a hundred if not more. A little butter—never oleomargarine—spread thinly on the covers of the compend, greatly facilitates the process of deglutition. Never, under any circumstances, swallow the compend whole, as this interferes greatly with digestion.

Let us know how you make out.

EDITOR.



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—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.



— PATIENTS. —

Wisdom Exhorteth the Freshman.



FRESHMAN, forget not my law; but let thine heart keep my commandments; for much knowledge and much wisdom shall they add to thee.

Let not thy text-books escape thee; bind them about thy neck, and forsake them never: so shalt thou find favor and good understanding in the sight of the Dean and the other Professors.

Trust in the Juniors and Seniors with all thine heart, and lean not on thine own understanding; in all ways acknowledge them thy superiors and they shall direct thy path.

Be not wise in thine *own* eyes for thou art not in the eyes of others.

Honor thine upper-classmen with the first fruits of thy pocket (think not of thyself when thou canst serve

others), and thou shalt find that the increase of thy pocket shall depart from thee almost before thou dost receive it.

Despise not the chastening of any of our Professors, neither be weary of correction, for *even they* do love whom they do chasten; and remember thou hadst no business to come in late.

Happy is the Freshman that findeth wisdom and getteth understanding, for he shall surely be able to pass his examinations, and shall thus become a Junior, which shall be to him as if he were established in the heavens. Thence by his knowledge the depths shall be broken up and the clouds drop down dew. Verily he shall inherit much glory.

J. F. WORRELL, '04.

A Sad Holiday Experience.



AT about 8 o'clock on the night of December 20, 1902, a young man, presenting a somewhat extraordinary appearance, stepped forth from his boarding-house on ——— Street. He carried in his right hand a quaint, large, well-packed grip; in his left, a box measuring about two feet by three, which on closer observation somewhat resembled an instrument case. On his back was strapped a large-wheeled, old-style dental engine. He wore a high silk hat, a green (once black) suit, the trousers barely coming to his ankles, a pair of number ten shoes with extra wide toes, rubber collar and cuffs, and a large red bow. His hair was neatly parted in the middle and a new pair of kids was protruding from the breast-pocket of his coat.

He at once started down Franklin Street with an active stride, oftentimes letting the smoke from his cigarette curl around his high and stately hat crown, and wondering if he would feel prouder were he seated in the chair of the White House, or wearing Edward's crown.

Who could this young man be? Or whence did he come? It could be none other than our Junior Kilbourne from Harrison Valley, Pa., who had not been home for over a year, having spent his summer holi-

days as an honored and respected conductor on the "Electrics."

He reached his home next morning without mishap. After the necessary family greetings had been gone through with, he hastened to the barnyard, where he found much pleasure in stroking his favorite cow, tying up a calf that had got loose, and throwing some feed to the pigs.

He then hitched the ox to the sleigh and started for a drive down the road merrily singing: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." As he glided swiftly by the large level fields, now buried in snow, his mind wandered back to the many happy days he had spent in some of these familiar spots, swinging the scythe or following the plough, before he had heard the buzz of the dental engine, or learned the cares of professional life. A lump came into his throat, and a large tear rolled down his cheek.

His reverie was soon brought to an end, however, for, coming to a sudden turn in the road, whom should he meet but his own dear sweetheart, riding on a donkey, evidently on her way to the mill, as she had with her a large bag of corn. Kilbourne was more than delighted and felt like running to clasp his dar-

ling in his arms, but he thought it his duty to appear dignified, so simply cleared his throat and bowed a stiff "Good morning." "Why, good morning, Doctor Arthur!" This so tickled him that he could stand it no longer, so he sprang nimbly from his sleigh, and bounded to his sweetheart's side. After a short conversation he asked if he might examine her teeth. She opened her dainty little mouth as wide as possible and he stuck in his big greasy fingers that hadn't been washed since he left Baltimore. After much careful scrutiny he exclaimed: "Why, darling, you have a large cavity in the internal surface of your temporary bicuspid tooth; if you come round this afternoon I shall fill it for you."

Directly after dinner the charming patient arrived and Kilbourne went to work. And now comes the sad part. The poor fellow had never put in a gold filling before, so knew absolutely nothing about how the cavity should be prepared in order to get the filling started. After he thought he had the cavity sufficiently and properly excavated, he commenced to plug in gold, but as fast as he could put it in, out it would drop. After repeated and unsuccessful efforts of about two hours, he was about to give up in despair, when a happy idea struck him: "I have a piece of chewing gum in my pocket, I wonder if I couldn't put a bit of that in the bottom of the cavity to stick the gold to? At any rate it is worth trying." So he took out the gum, chewed it a few minutes to make it soft, and proceeded to place a piece in the tooth. His patient up to

this time had seemed to repose perfect confidence in him, but at this point endeavored to remonstrate, but owing to the half yard of rubber-dam stretched across her mouth, was unable to make herself understood.

Having got the gum stuck fast to the bottom of the cavity our Doctor went to work with renewed vigor. After this everything seemed to go first rate for a while, but long ere he had finished he noticed that the sun was steadily nearing the western horizon, and the shades of night were beginning to gather about him. He worked more rapidly, however, and as the darkness became so intense that he could no longer see, he decided that he had enough gold in, and told his patient she might return the next day to have it polished. But alas! It was not to be. In removing the rubber-dam, out came the filling, gum and all! The poor girl being now able to speak so she could be understood commenced to make up for lost time. She broke forth into such a storm of fury, that Kilbourne prayed that the mountains might fall on him, or that the earth would swallow him up. But there was no such happy means of escape. There was nothing for him but to stand with downcast head and trembling limbs, until she was through. When she had exhausted her vocabulary of abusive language, she finished by throwing in his face the pretty little ring he had given her before he left home, and then burst from the room, leaving our would-be dentist a sadder but wiser man, and causing him to curse the day he ever left the farm.

C. P. N., '04.

Rules of Etiquette for Future Generations.



1. Never remove your hat when you meet a lady. You might catch cold in the head.

2. Keep your seat in a street car. Let the ladies stand. You paid as much as they did.

3. Step on as many feet in a crowd as you can. It will help cure corns. Not necessary to beg pardon.

4. Eat with your knife at the table, then stick same in the butter. Never pass anything. Pour your tea in the saucer to cool. Spill half of it on tablecloth. When you have finished leave the table; don't wait for the others. If they are not done they ought to be.

5. Always argue with people older than yourself; they have ancient ideas; yours are more modern, consequently correct.

6. Never give thanks when given anything; it shows you are not used to receiving.

7. Refuse abruptly to give information in regard to streets, car lines, certain buildings, etc. We have police for that purpose, and then again you are too busy thinking.

8. Use bad language, especially in the presence of ladies. It sounds "big."

9. Stare at every pretty girl you see. It will make her vain not embarrassed.

10. When you walk with a lady let her carry all the bundles. You should have your hands free to protect her.

Follow these rules and you will be pronounced a thorough rowdy.

J. E. ROBILLARD, '04.

His First: Her Last.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS PREVIOUSLY PUBLISHED.

Fred, a fine looking, well built young man of twenty-three, who has to earn a living as a clerk in a drygoods store, falls in love with Lulu, a very handsome girl of eighteen, who is the only daughter of a wealthy banker; she in return gives him her love in double measure.

But Lulu's father, being very much opposed to the match, forbids her admirer admittance to the house; still he calls when an opportunity presents itself. Lulu's mother dies when she is a small child leaving her to be brought up by her aunt, who lives with her father.

VI. (Continued.)

On the following Wednesday afternoon Fred received a note from his lady love asking him to call that evening as her father is out of town on business and her aunt is very busy making herself a new gown, and as her aunt is all of the time upstairs in the sewing-room she deems it safe to entertain him at her home unknown to any one save themselves.

After supper is over Aunt Lottie goes at once to her sewing, Lulu takes a book and reads until a gentle tap is heard on the window, she opens the door and once more the two are together. They are in the midst of a very interesting part of conversation when they hear Aunt Lottie's steps at the head of the stairs, and then she calls:

"Lulu!"

"What is it, Auntie?" replied the girl pleasantly.

"Are you alone?"

Lulu not daring to let her aunt know of Fred's presence in the house does not know what to say, and hesitates to answer, when the question comes a second time. This time Fred tells her to say "yes," which she does and at the same time pushes him behind the portières, and her aunt comes downstairs with the new dress on her arm, but Lulu is busy reading a book.

"Child, why are you up so late; you ought to have been in bed an hour ago!"

Lulu's face turning somewhat crimson, she replies: "Oh I wanted to finish this book."

Her aunt then glanced at the volume and said: "But that is a queer way to read a book!"

At this Lulu notices she is holding the book wrong side up; she now turns a very deep hue, closes the book and bursts into tears. Her aunt tries to help matters by stroking the girl's hair and saying, "Have you had a quarrel with that young fool you pretend to like? I have always told you he was not good enough for you."

"But he is, Auntie!" sobbed the girl; "I wish you and Papa could think so."

"Well, dry your eyes and help me try on this dress." At this Lulu looked up at her aunt for the first time since she had entered the room and low and behold she is dressed or rather undressed as ladies always are when about to have a dress fitted. It was very evi-

dent Aunt Lottie was not aware of the fact that she was standing within six feet of one of the male sex. Two long slim arms and quite a startling amount of neck were visible. And a sleeveless basque which was only held together by basting thread was the only ordinary street apparel she had on. During all this time Fred, standing behind the curtain, was scared so he hardly dared to breathe for fear of being heard. Lulu looked at her aunt in amazement and horror. What a spectacle she did present. The girl knowing she would lose all of her fortune if Fred should be found out, as it would be left to some orphans' home, or the like, began to picture herself and Fred keeping house in two small rooms with only one chair and a small stand for a table. Still she would not tell her aunt; surely Fred would turn his eyes to some other part of the room where they might rest on something more interesting. But, alas! Fred's eyes were glued to the space between the curtains.

"Lulu!" said Aunt Lottie, "please help me." The girl obeyed as best she could with her trembling hands to pin up the basque where it was necessary to make it fit.

"There, you have not done that right," said Aunt Lottie. "If you can't do it I shall have to do it myself. Take off your dress and let me see how it looks on you!"

"Oh, no, Auntie, I can't here, some one might see me."

"Why, child, how can they, when the blinds are closed and the shades drawn? Come, hurry up! And besides you did not think of any one seeing me; you must be growing crazy."

She could hesitate no longer but started to unbutton her dress, saying to herself Fred won't look, and at the same time glancing in that direction. But Fred's eyes were close to the curtain.

"Hurry!" said her aunt, "I want to go to bed."

Lulu gritted her teeth, took off her dress and went through the trying ordeal of dress-fitting for about ten minutes, when she supposed it to be over, but her aunt said, "Now I want to see how the skirt hangs. Suppose you take off your petticoat."

"No! no! no!" cried Lulu, "not here; any other time," and she threw herself on the floor and burst into tears.

"I think I shall have to tell your father and have him look into your case as there is evidently something wrong with you." Whereupon the old lady gathers up her belongings and goes upstairs.

How the poor girl managed to dress herself she never knew, but she did remember she turned down the light, and opened the front door, while her face was buried in her handkerchief; she heard hurried footsteps and the dark form of Fred dashed out into the street, having both seen and gone.

H. R. B., '04.

The End.

Lost, Strayed or Stolen;

OR,

When the Roll is Called up Yonder, Will Any of Them be There.



Dr. Hoffmeister (at quiz): "Mr. Mabie!" (no answer); "Mr. Mabie, Section II, Seniors!" (silent still). "Mr. Alford!" (a sigh from one of the ladies); "Mr. Alford not here?" (a Freshman giggles, but on receiving a withering look from Vitou, becomes alarmed and at once resumes silence). "What is the matter with Section II this morning? Someone told me that this section was called the 'pride of the Seniors' on account not only of their ability in the different branches of study, but more especially because of their punctuality in attending lectures." "Mr. Hess!" (on receiving no response Dr. Hoffmeister begins to look serious and some of the Seniors smile). "Mr. Carr!" (someone replies: "Gone home to vote, Doctor"). "Mr. Emeis" (no reply). "Mr. Foster!" (no reply). At this stage the lecturer's eyes begin to snap, sobs are heard from the front seats, and one of the ladies faints. Amid painful silence the remaining two names, "Mr. Love" and "Mr. Cupp" are called, but the sound of the voice from the chair alone echoes through the room, seeming to carry with it the death sentence

of these daring truants. The silence becomes oppressive. We can hear nothing but the beating of our own hearts, as we await with awe the pronouncing of the doom of our fellow-students. Every eye is fixed on the lecturer, every ear is strained to catch the first syllable he may utter. His lips part! He begins to speak! But do we see a twinkle in his eye? Already we breathe easier, he really smiles! And when he simply says, "I think, perhaps, there is a clinic in some other part of the building," we know that everything is all right, and the truants are forgiven. Just at this moment the door opens and in rushes Hess, all out of breath, shoes unlaced, hair not brushed, getting into his coat as he enters and altogether presenting a very dragged and care-worn appearance. At shouts of "There he is! There he is!" from the students, Hess turns up his coat collar, sneaks up to a back seat and hides himself among the burly forms of the Freshmen. Dr. Hoffmeister simply casts a pitying glance in the direction where the form of Hess disappeared, smiles, and continues the quiz.

J. F. W., '04.

The Student's Lament.



Backward, turn backward, oh time, in thy flight,
Feed me on gruel again, just for to-night.
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake,
Oysters that slept in a watery bath,
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath;
Weary of paying for what I don't eat,
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am,
Give me a whack at grandmother's jam;
Let me drink milk that has never been skimmed,
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trimmed;
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,
And then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

Don't Worry.



When things go contrary, as often they do,
And fortune seems burdened with spite,
Don't give way to grieving all dismal and blue—
That never set anything right!
But cheerfully face what the day may reveal,
Make the best of whatever befall—
Since the more that you worry the worse you may feel,
Why waste time in worry at all?

If you put in a filling and polish it well,
And then send the patient away,
And as quite often happens from some unknown cause
He returns the very next day
And says: "Why, Doctor, that filling came out!"
Don't feel badly, or worry, or fret,
But tell him "the teeth are too soft to stand gold"—
That's an excuse, we should never forget.

If in trying to extract a third molar tooth
You break it off close to the gum,
Don't think you're the first to have done such a thing,
Nor conclude you must be "on the hum;"
But put up a bluff, and say it's all right,
As you place your forceps back on the shelf;
And if the root be discovered by the patient, just say:
"That will soon work out of itself."

We all have our troubles, some more and some less,
And this is the knowledge we gain—
It is work and a brave heart that lighten the stress
Of a life's share of sorrow and pain.
Then face with this knowledge Fate's cruelest deal,
Too plucky to faint or to fall—
Since the more that you worry the worse you may feel,
Is it wisdom to worry at all?

J. F. W., '04.

Somers' Spooning Story.

by

SOMERS sought Sophy Sarah steadily. Sophy Sarah snubbed Somers. She seemed sure Somers saw Susan sometimes. She showed such sensitiveness, Susan saw Sophy Sarah's suspicions.

"Somers," said Susan, "seek Sophy Sarah secretly; sing sweet songs; say soft somethings."

"So?" said Somers.

"Sheep!" sneered Susan.

Sophy Sarah's swain saw sense sharpening Susan's suggestions. "Sophy Sarah," sighed Somers, "See

summer stars shining so sweetly—softly! Sweetheart, such stellar splendor spellbounds souls!"

"Stuffs!" scolded Sophy Sarah. "Stop such silly stunts. Say something sensible."

"Sophy Sarah," said Somers shortly, "Splice."

"Sure," snapped Sophy Sarah. "Soon?"

SEQUEL.

"Susan satisfied. Somers, Sophy Sarah—spoons, spasms, spouses."

Sentiment—such stuff.

J. E. R., '04.

The Arteries Simplified.



The Coronaries, like a tender word,
Their way to the heart doth find;
The Subclavian right, like a link of chain,
The Axillary and the Innominate bind.

The Brachial, like a branching limb,
The arm supplies in man,
And divides into the Radial and Ulna below
To supply the wrist and hand.

The Carotids, like a glass of beer,
Ascend to the brain and face,
The Subclavian left, from the Aorta comes,
And ends at the Axillary space.

The Axillaries begin at the border of a rib
(I think the border of the first),
At a notch in the edge, which I guess is the place
Where old mother Eve had her birth.

The Axillaries end at a point on the arm,
At the insertion of a muscle of the back,
Which I think you all know—if you don't you can guess
While I am getting back on my track.

I think we left off at the Subclavian left,
Which branches direct from the Aorta;
The next we then have is the Aorta of the chest,
Which extends from the third to last Dorsal.

Here its name changes with the region it invades,
And the girls say, "My! 'tis abominable;"
Prof. P. says, with the girls that will do,
But to him you best say Abdominal.

The Abdominal ends at the fourth lumbar bone,
At a point where the Iliacs begin,
And extends on below to the Ilium's crest,
And divides into the Ex— and the In—.

The Internal supplies that region behind,
(Whose calibre methinks must be small,
From the pats it receives in youth's mischievous time,
From the shingle's unmerciful fall.)

The External extends from the Ilium's crest
To Poupart's ligament below,
Passes through the region of man's ancient abode
Ere his exit to this world of woe.

Under Poupart's ligament the Femoral begins,
(The region just below the waist),
And sends off its branches to the structure beneath
And ends at the Popliteal space.

The Popliteal begins at Hunter's canal,
And descends to just under the knee;
Its branches are many and their names are horrid—
If you have seen them I am sure you'll agree.

The Tibial begins where the Popliteal ends,
Is what I have been taught at the college,
And now I feel much better than when I began,
As I am not so weighted down with knowledge.

"SPAR RIB."



Some Experiences of a Freshman.



AFTER having had his mother pack his trunk and tell him just where each article is located, also giving him instructions as to the time each ought to be made of use, and giving him no end of advice, he starts away from home late in September, perhaps for the first time in his short existence, with his head up and feeling as large as any man.

Should any one at the station take interest enough in our would-be college man and inquire of him his destiny, his answer would promptly be, "Why, I am going to college; don't I look it?"

After a long and lonesome ride on the cars, he reaches the city; stepping off the train he stands in blank amazement looking at the crowd and wondering where he is to go next; before he is fully aware of it, the busy crowd has left him and a "cop" steps up and informs him he must "move on."

Leaving the station he is able, after much walking and inquiry, to find a room that is about ten feet square with one small window and old bed, a small table and one hard bottom chair.

That night he can eat but very little; he wishes he had never left home at all; how he longs to be back on the farm. After nearly an hour of hard thinking he writes home and tells his troubles, then turns in for

the night after the landlady has informed him he must not blow out the gas. His first night is a restless one, but in the morning he makes up his mind he will have no more "blues" and starts out to do the town. Everything is new to him. On his way to the Dean's office he stops to listen to a hand-organ and see a monkey dance; next he sees some children of a rather dark color playing marbles and his boyhood days having not as yet left him, he wishes he might join in the game were it not for the black faces of the players.

Finally he reaches the office and finds the Dean in a good humor and after ridding himself of a little surplus cash, he is then a full-fledged college man. Now he is ready to meet anyone, even his upper classmen.

Yet our "Boy Dentist" little knows what he is up against until he begins studying Anatomy, Chemistry, Materia Medica or some other subjects equally as hard. At the first rush, at which he receives a few knocks and bruises, he is nearly scared to death, but a little rest restores all of his strength.

We next find him in the laboratory trying to find out why the plaster of Paris that the Juniors have already introduced to him does not come out of his hair or off his clothes. Soon an upper classman comes in and says, "Doc, what time is it?" At this, which is the first

time he has been addressed as Doctor, he grows at least two inches taller, and hurries to answer the question. After being in college about six weeks he is allowed to handle the forceps. At this time he extracts his first tooth, the patient being one of a race that never tan, and were made to blush unseen. Taking the pair of forceps the "Senior" gives him, he grasps the offending member with an unsteady hand and, after much pulling this way and that way, he succeeds in extracting

the tooth (without pain to the patient?). After this very little is heard of him, only occasionally he peeps into the Infirmary to see if everything is working as it should, or it may be he is "passed up" a few times during the winter.

In the spring he takes his exams, and starts for home by the first train no longer a Freshman but instead a full-fledged Junior.

H. R. B., '04.



Squirrel's Tale.



I.

While wandering in the woodland shades
Encircling the city,
I met an ancient squirrel there
Who made a face at me,
I hadn't stared at him a bit:—
'Twas rude as rude could be.

II.

He saw my pained expression and
Apologized straight way:
Then in a most effective style,
He harped a roundelay,
And asked "Could he relate his woe?"
Of course I said "you may."

III.

He tucked a walnut in his cheek
Before he could commence,
And rattled out an overture;
It surely was immense:—
And then rehearsed this mournful lay,
With moving eloquence.

IV.

Some fifty feet or so from here,
Yet O! so far from me,—
There lives a lady squirrel who
Is wondrous fair to see:
Her back is most divinely gray:—
Her age is only three.

V.

Her dainty feet well tipped with claws,
She manicures each day;
And o'er her back, her graceful tail
Waves like a signal gay,
And pretty little ears stick up
In most bewitching way.

VI.

Some days ago I saw her smile,
Then watched her disappear,
And since that time, I've seen her not,
Which you'll allow is queer,
Excuse my grief, the squirrel said
And wiped away a tear.

VII.

Her winsome smiles my lonely heart
With love hath set aglow;
I long to seek her in her home;
And yet I dare not go,
Because—and here he heaved a sigh—
I am in doubt, you know.

VIII.

Your tale hath been so plain, I said,
I recognize your friend,
It grieves me much to tell of
Her late lamented end.
In fact, I saw her taking off;
I trust I don't offend.

IX.

Last Tuesday morn I chanced to spy
 Her sitting on a bough,
 She stopped and waved her tail at me—
 I fancy you know how,—
 I thought of ancient William Tell—
 'Tis very sad, I vow.

X.

I hate to tell you what ensued,
 I fear 'twill make you sigh:
 But William Tell ne'er missed his mark,
 Nor, may I add, did I;
 Your lovely sweetheart, days ago,
 Became a squirrel pie.

F. S. G. McLEAN, '05.



The Good Old College Time.



The good old college time, the dear old college time!

What care we, we can jolly be
Though we may not have a dime:

We're the swellest sports in Baltimore
And that's a very good sign

That we're away in debt; but we'll never forget
The good old college time.

These days will come no more, these days will come no more;

For our Senior boys, these college joys
Will very soon be o'er;

But when they're launched on life's rough sea,
On its raging, billowy brine,
Amidst it all, they'll still recall
The good old college time.

J. F. W., '04.

With Apologies to Byron's "Childe Harold."



There was a sound of conflict in the morn

And Baltimore's College had gathered there,
Her Seniors and her Juniors; and all forlorn

Her dear, her darling, sweet Freshmen.

Each Freshman's heart beat quickly; and when

A cry of wrath arose with one tumultuous yell

All Freshmen wished that they were home again,

And some were heard to mutter: "Isn't this Hell!"

But hush, hark, a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it? No; 'twas but the wind

Or a policeman snoring on his beat.

On with the fight! Let wrath be unconfined;

No rest until we've made those Freshmen take a back seat
And satisfied our appetites on Freshman meat.

But hark that sound as of a rushing flood,

The very walls its echo do repeat;

And 'tis a sound that meaneth blood.

Hurrah! Hurrah! It is the plaster's opening thud!

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—OF—
DENTAL SURGERY.



COLLEGE MUSEUM.

Extracts from O'Neill's *Materia Medica*.



Half and Half (for the English 'alf and 'alf) is a mixture of half beer and half porter, obtained by pitcher-(ation), more commonly known to the laity as "rushing the growler."

Physiological Action.

Half and Half is a cerebral excitant, narcotic, and a jag-producing compound. In small doses it is very beneficial; in large doses it causes hallucination and ossification—the subject at first becomes very talkative, this is followed by an insane desire for more of the admixture, during this stage of exhilaration the subject is prone to boast of past deeds of valor, the heart's action is increased, the blood seems to leap through the veins and arteries; great force is often necessary to prevent the victim from kicking the roofs off the neighboring buildings. The writer knows of one case where a (Fresh)man attempted alone to remove the roof from a seven-story building and would undoubtedly have succeeded but for the timely intervention of a "cop." After this outburst of muscular activity the patient becomes rather abrupt in his movements, dur-

ing this stage the side-steps and back-steps of the patient become intermingled, he moves with a rotary motion and seems unable to reach any fixed point; his speech becomes thick and viscid; grotesque figures hover around him; strange voices ring in his ears; imaginary stairs present themselves before him causing him to lift his feet very high in the act of walking; a stage of complete relaxation and listlessness is reached, the patient sinking down in a recumbent position.

From personal experiences, the writer claims that at this point the best method to pursue is to stretch the patient full length on a couch and administer spirits of ammonia in doses of 5ss—II.

The drug is rapidly eliminated by means of the increased peristalsis of the œsophagus, after which the patient sinks into a deep stupor. The after effects are indicated by dark circles under the eyes; the frontal sinuses seem filled with a gurgling liquid, the tongue presents a dark brown slimy precipitate, an insatiate thirst prevails and the patient presents a general dilapidated appearance.

Health Foods That Have Just Come Out.

[FROM LIFE.]



Butts.—Greatest ever. Two teaspoonfuls of Butts with an ounce of water will increase your waist measurement two feet in thirty minutes.

Leavings.—Nothing like 'em. Good for Historical Novelists, Doctors, Dentists, Parsons, Politicians and Idiots.

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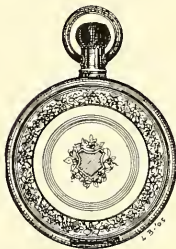
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Mr. X., machinist, 35 years of age, necrosed jawbone. Sent to me by a physician. Examination revealed to me a very serious condition. There was no history of syphilis, although there was a constitutional complication for which the physician continued to treat the patient. There was an abscessed tooth which had never been treated. The pus had burrowed into the jawbone at the second molar root. After the proper preparations I extracted the first molar, root of second, which was abscessed, and the wisdom tooth. Using cocaine, I made an incision the length of the gum in the diseased region. Found a large pus pocket and bone badly necrosed. Removed many egg-shell splinters of bone. Burred out decayed bone with a heavy engine burr. Washed out with peroxide, 3%, and packed with aromatic sulphuric acid and tincture of capsicum and iodoform gauze for a week. Put patient on a 25% solution of GLYCO-THYMOLINE from the first for wash and injection. Washed out twice a day for two weeks, then once a day for three weeks with the GLYCO-THYMOLINE. The wound was healed nicely by granulation and the patient discharged, cured November 1, 1901, six weeks from date of operation. Have seen the patient at regular intervals and there has been no recurrence of the trouble. The physician expressed himself as much pleased and has continued the patient on the GLYCO-THYMOLINE.

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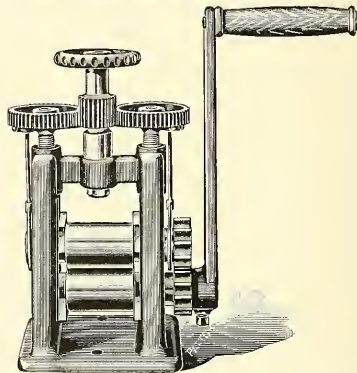


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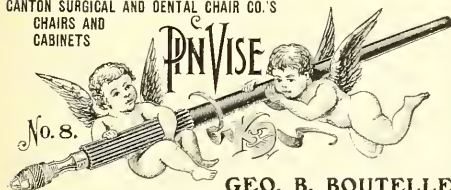
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